

# LIFE



THE LAST MOGUL: SAM GOLDWYN

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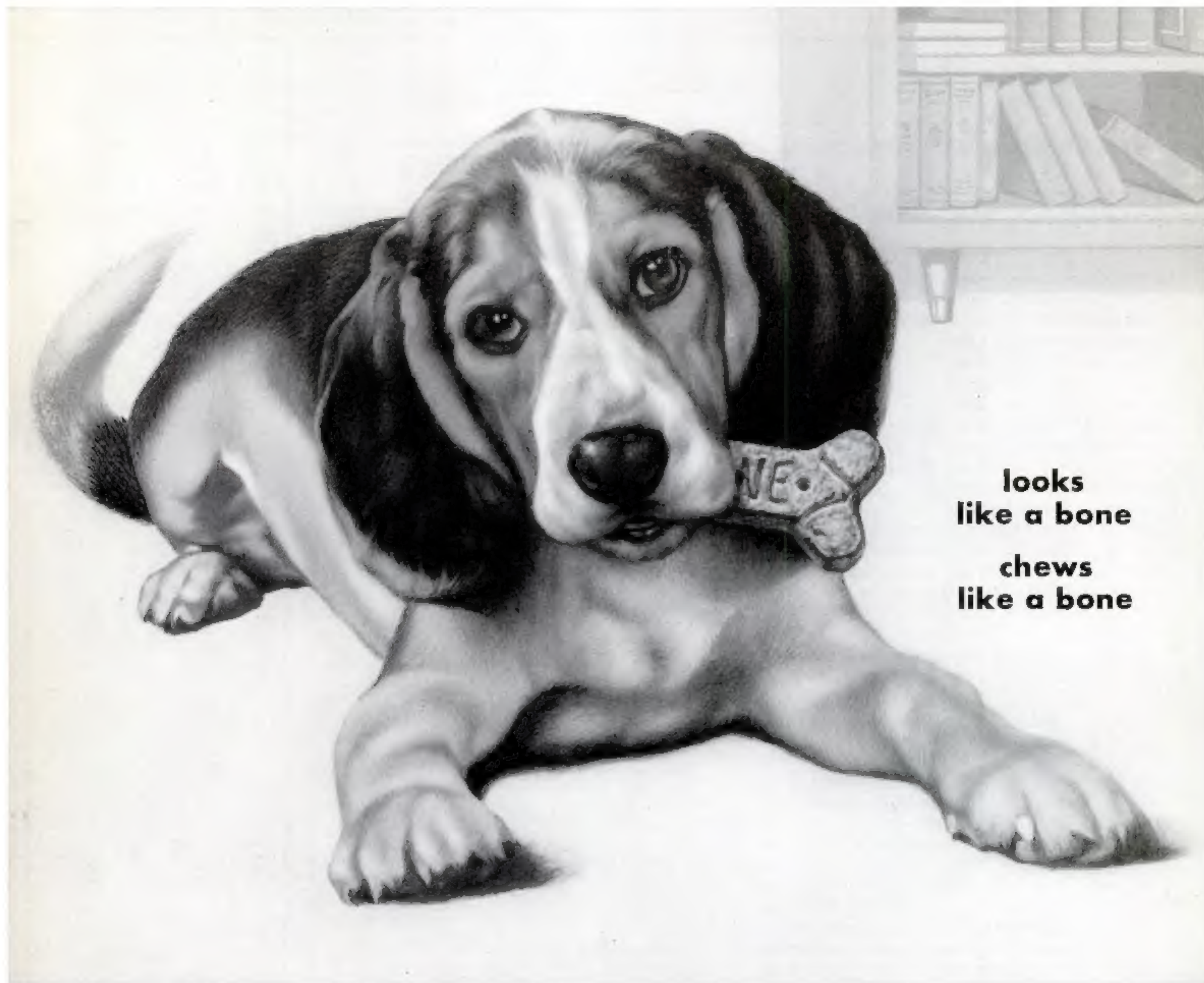


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## ON A BIG STAGE: ROLES IN PLENTY

On the great stage of world events some people thrust themselves into dramatic situations and others have drama thrust upon them. This week the Army corporal in our opening story (pp. 23-27), whose convoy from Berlin was held up two days by the Russians, calmly shouldered a lead part in the cold war by staying with his trucks and taking no guff from anyone. Difficult roles in the spotlight were also handled skillfully by Negro children entering Virginia's newly integrated schools (pp. 30-32). To passengers on American Airlines' Flight 320 and



CORPORAL MASIERO



SHOWGIRL IN MIAMI

on the "unsinkable" ship *Hedtoft*, sinking in Greenland's icy waters, came roles unpredictably tragic (pp. 37-40 and pp. 48-50).

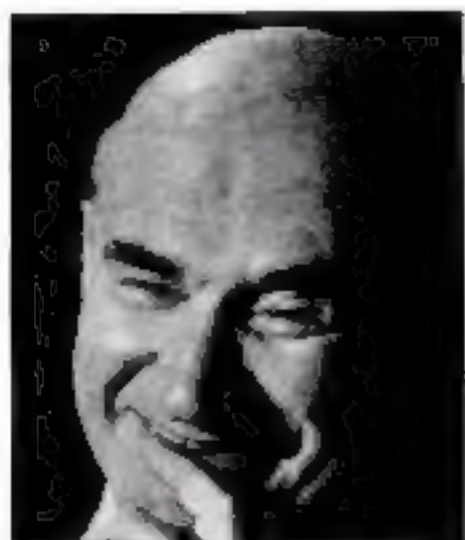
But lots of people are in the news because they have the theatrical talent and push to get there. The girls on the cover are capitalizing on Miami's demand for girlie shows (pp. 54-59), while David Suss-

kind is capitalizing on being a TV intellectual (pp. 63-68). Movie Producer Samuel Goldwyn, whether casting movies or coining phrases, simply cannot stay out of the limelight. His troubles in making a new movie (pp. 102-116), have been more dramatic than even Goldwyn would like. Equally dramatic, the life and legend of glamorous F. Scott Fitzgerald holds the stage again, 18 years after his death. In a new Broadway hit, *LIFE* reveals new sides of Fitzgerald's personality by publishing for the first time his stern, loving letters to his daughter and his boyhood journal about the young girls in his life (pp. 85-88).

Being onstage brings out the ham in almost everybody—in Goldwyn, Fitzgerald and even in the crusty small-town doctor (pp. 121, 122) protesting too much that no one really loves him. But the finest hams of all on our pages this week are not people but some very smart sea creatures. And our story on dolphins and their big cousins (pp. 93-100) demonstrates that even a whale can be a whale of a ham.



DOLPHIN CLOWNING



SAMUEL GOLDWYN

### COVER

At the Hotel Lucerne in Miami Beach three chorus girls flaunt their fine feathers in act from *Havana Mardi Gras Revue* (see pp. 54-59)

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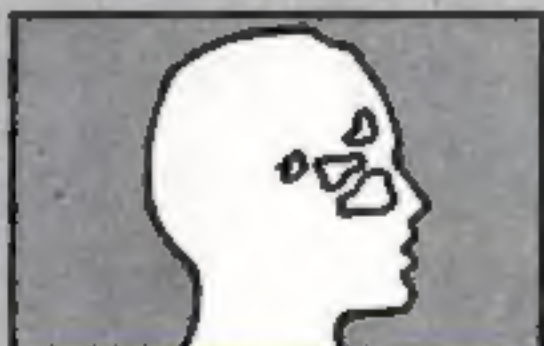
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**MIRO'S MOON** and other playful shapes enliven ceramic mural which decorates a wall of a courtyard near the Secretariat building (*background*). The 65-year-old

painter (*left, above*) came from Spain to supervise the installation with Llorens Artigas (*pointing to mural*) who translated Miró's designs into ceramic tiles.

# A Fuss in Paris over U.N. Art

## FAMOUS MODERNS DO MURALS

Since it started the whole thing anyway, Paris should by now be taking modern art in its stride—or so thought UNESCO officials when they decided to embellish their new Paris headquarters. They called upon some of the world's most famous modern artists to decorate the walls and grounds. On the Riviera, Pablo Picasso painted a gigantic mural. In Spain, Joan Miró produced two tiled walls. In the U.S., Alexander Calder hammered out a huge mobile. In England, Henry Moore designed a marble sculpture. Elsewhere six other painters and sculptors worked on designs for paintings, reliefs and gardens, then hustled to Paris to install them.

But when the \$190,000 worth of paintings and sculpture was unveiled this winter, Parisians instantly sounded off. Laymen grumbled that the art was too modern and bizarre. Professional critics complained that it was too passé. But UNESCO, unruffled by the Parisian protests, stood by Picasso's comment: "It turned out better than I thought."







**APPEL'S ABSTRACTION** (*below*) adorns a wall of employees' restaurant in the Secretariat building. The 14 by 9 foot mural, painted by the 37-year-old Dutch

artist Karel Appel, is covered with glass which mirrors the scene and merges the tables, diners and waiters into the artist's boisterous splashes of color.







**SPACIOUS PICASSO MURAL** was painted on 40 wood panels which were joined together on wall of delegates' lounge. Artist refuses to explain painting.

**TEAM-DESIGNED BUILDING** (below) is product of U.S., French and Italian architects. Stunning feature is concrete canopy spanning Secretariat entrance.





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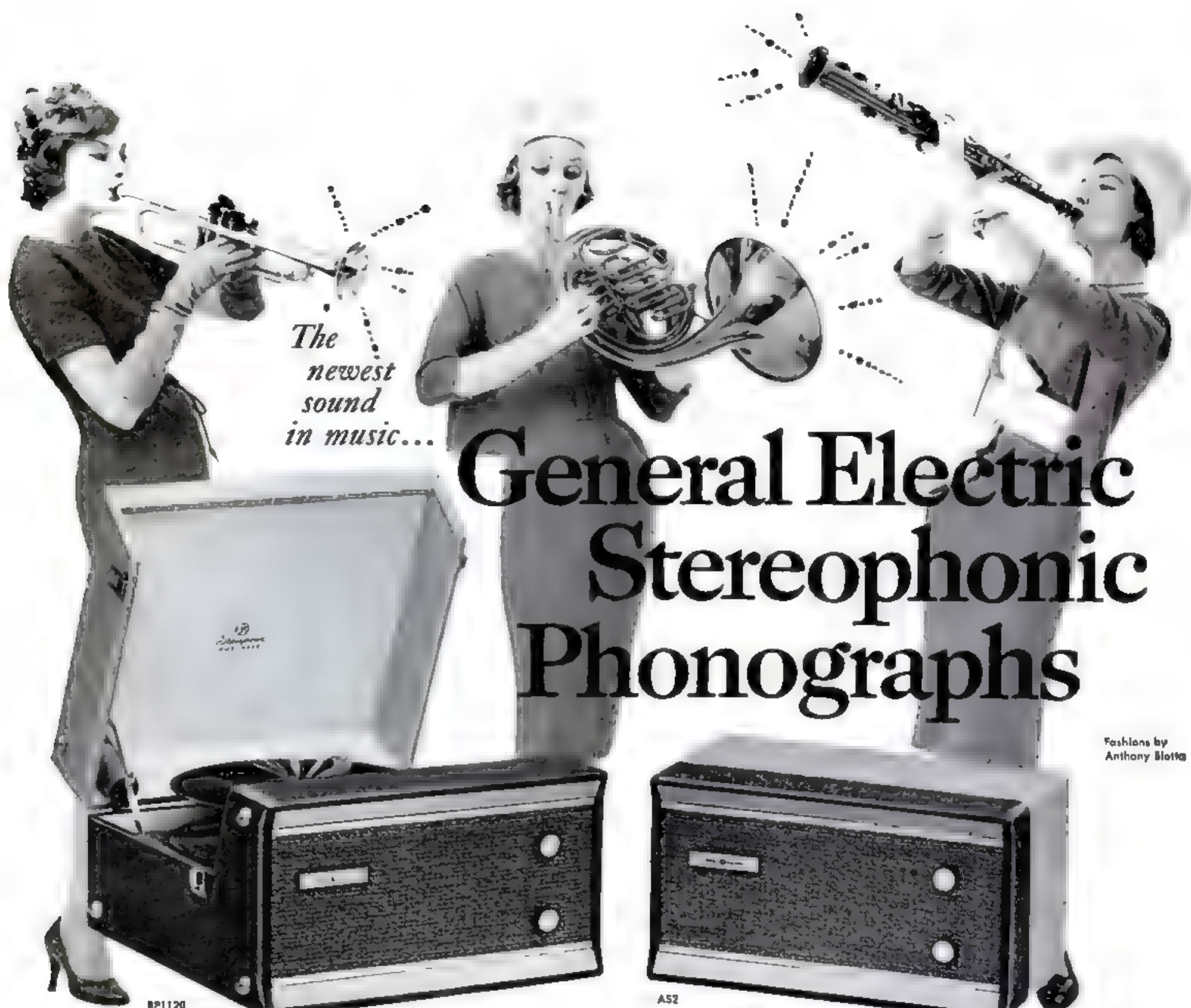
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★ **A FOUR-MONTH TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION** is suggested, in order to see how your own young reader responds to the idea. To excite and inspire him immediately, he will receive, *free*, the enrollment gifts pictured above. With them he will receive the **ALLABOUT** or **LANDMARK BOOK** you select as the first purchase from the two listed below. Also included will be fifty handsome bookplates to encourage him to build his own library. At the end of the trial subscription, if you do not feel that the plan is succeeding with your child, you are free to cancel at any time.

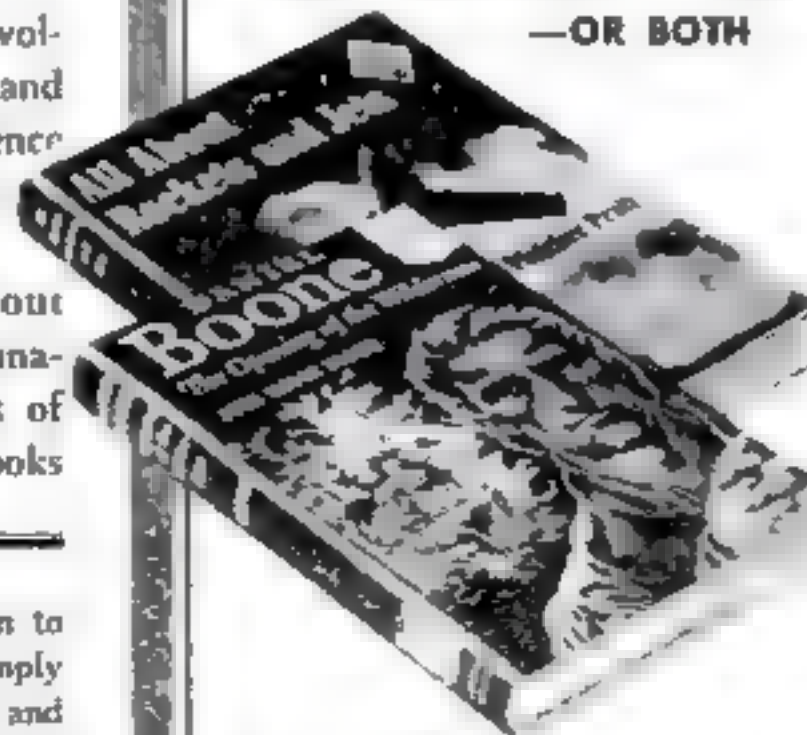
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I may cancel the subscription any time after buying four books for the child. As the child's first purchase send the book (or books) checked at the left. (For combination subscription check both books.)

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parent or donor—PLEASE PRINT

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City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

ORDERED BY Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
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# The Most Crowded Classroom can find space for germs!



**Children ought to gargle Listerine before and after school—it kills germs by millions!**

Schools all over America are filled to capacity these days. And in this season of colds and sore throats, even the most *careful* school is apt to be crowded with bacteria, too!

Before you send your youngsters to school—soon as they come home in the afternoons—have them gargle Listerine Antiseptic full-strength. Listerine kills germs associated with colds and the sore throats they bring—kills germs on contact, by the millions.

Tests with more than 3,000 people over a 12-year period clearly proved that those who gargled twice daily with Listerine had fewer, shorter and milder colds than those who did not.

The figures on the chart (right) show how regular use of Listerine helped reduce colds and sore throats. Have all the family gargle twice every day with Listerine Antiseptic.

## HOW LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED COLDS

Results of 12-year test involving more than 3,000 people

Those who did NOT gargle Listerine twice daily had

**89%** more severe colds than those who did

**85%** longer colds, measured in days

**73%** more sore throats

**51%** more "ordinary" colds



***Reach for Listerine***  
... your No. 1 protection against infection



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Rare opportunity for folks who want to demonstrate their utter good taste—but *who live in areas where Dr Pepper isn't sold*

People who drink Dr Pepper are—as you'd expect—beautiful, rich, talented and much admired by others.

But there are some out-of-the-way places—like Boston—where even the most discriminating can't buy a bottle of Dr Pepper, no matter how hard they try. We just can't make enough to sell it everywhere.

If you are one of these unfortunates, this offer is for you. Even though you can't buy this famous old soft drink, we'd at least like you to have a Dr Pepper bottle cap. Sort of a

temporary stop-gap until we can start selling it in your town.

Think of the big impression a Dr Pepper bottle cap will make on your friends when they see it on your mantle or casually displayed as the centerpiece at your next dinner party! They'll be wild with envy!

Just send us your name and address on a post-card with the words, "Dr Pepper bottle cap, please" and we'll send you one. Free!

But hurry! Dr Pepper is so popular that we're using up spare bottle caps awfully fast.







The man who knows his way around is going to go places mighty proudly in his new car of The *Forward Look*. It has the unmistakable, sleek, finned look that set the trend for modern cars. In styling too—you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation!

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## BLACK AFRICA: PART I

Sirs:

Congratulations to Robert Conklin for his Black Africa series ("Black Africa Surges to Independence," LIFE, Jan. 26) and to LIFE for the timely focus on West Africa.

LESLIE D. McLEAN

Tucson, Ariz.

Sirs:

In the otherwise interesting article about Black Africa your map ignored the Mali Federation formed by the merger of four French territories—French Sudan, Senegal, Dahomey and the Voltaic Republic.

A. E. GELAT

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

● The formation of Africa's newest federation was not announced until five days after the map went to press. It was described, however, in the article itself.—ED.

## BACHELORHOOD

Sirs:

I view with disgust your article concerning Billy Mitchell, entitled "Blessings of Bachelorhood" (LIFE, Jan. 26). How can you be so lacking in compassion for the millions of typical bachelors in the United States. You know as well as I that this type of insidious romanticism must be harmful to the millions of other bachelors in the country who are not star athletes, honor students or wealthy men-about-town.

Mr. Mitchell is neither old enough to be a bachelor, poor enough to even think of being lonely, or common enough to be typical.

L. E. RICE

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

I'm one of those "girls going at it with a little more frenzy." Until your recent article I had my "male animal" practically proposing. Since he read the recent issue he has broken two dates, been late more than once and has been disgustingly inattentive.

How dare you make bachelorhood so attractive?

TRACY BRAND

Allentown, Pa.

## MISCELLANY

Sirs:

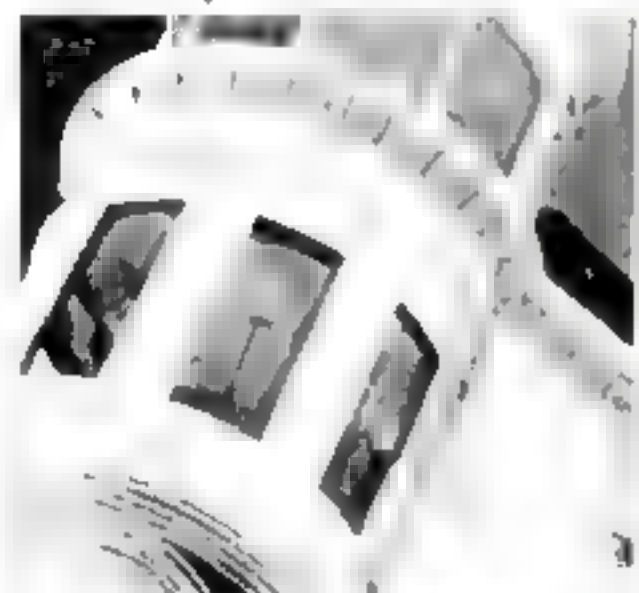
In your picture of the fall of a grand old frame ("Fall of the House

of Inman," LIFE, Jan. 26) how come that chandelier defies gravity's tug?

JESSE E. SCHMICK, M.D.

New York, N.Y.

● A brass rod firmly attaches it to the ceiling.—ED.



ANTI-GRAVITY CHANDELIER

## THE KILLING IN CUBA

Sirs:

We must not be too critical of the legal executions now taking place in Cuba ("The Killing in Cuba—And a Moral Issue," LIFE, Jan. 26). We Americans expect and demand justice for the guilty. We execute convicted criminals in this country every year. We executed German war criminals at Nurnberg for their crimes against humanity. This is what the government of Cuba is doing today.

CALVIN C. CONDEY

Abilene, Texas

Sirs:

It seems utterly unfair of the U.S.A. (which has just wired and dined a representative of a government whose ultimate aim is to destroy us) to raise an eye at Castro's executions. He deserves a pat on the back for ridding his country of a cruel tyrant.

MRS. W. S. DEFENBACH

Moscow, Idaho

Sirs:

Regardless of what anyone says, I know it is wrong to kill all those people. The Lord said, "Vengeance is mine." Much worse is the stupid most Americans seem to be in. Everyone agrees that it is too bad, but when I say it is wrong, most adults look at me very strangely. They say, "Oh, it's all right. It's justice."

FLEASOR HUNTER

Sacramento, Calif.

## EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Bravo to the anonymous Hungarian for his statement on Mikoyan ("How to Think about Mikoyan," LIFE, Jan. 26). He has shown a more intelligent viewpoint than all the egg-throwers and fawners put together!

RICHARD HALVERSON

Cleveland, Ohio

Sirs:

I cast my vote for the egg-throwing Hungarians and George Meany. I do not believe any of us are yet capable of reading the mind of the No. 2 Russian.

He has made quite an enviable record for himself around the Kremlin and he has stayed alive in an environment where the whole truth is seldom, if ever, spoken. Based on that record, how in the name of Heaven can we put faith in anything he says.

HERBERT SOMMERS

Miami Beach, Fla.



## How we retired in 15 years with \$300 a month

"All our married life, Kathleen and I have kept a boat. But now that I'm retired, we spend more time on Chesapeake Bay than on dry land. We anchor in little coves and fish, go crabbing when we feel like it or just cruise around lazily. Thanks to the \$300 check that comes in every month, we're not just Sunday sailors.

"I remember thinking, when we first moved to the point in 1942, what a shame it was we couldn't get more hours of fun out of living near the water. But five days a week and every other Saturday, too, I'd have to drag myself out of bed at seven, take one longing look at the water and hop for the train. Evenings it was dark when I got home. That was our life.

"But one evening, the summer after we had bought the house, Kathleen mentioned she'd seen a neighbor of ours, Mr. Barrett, taking his sailboat out almost every day for the last month. We know he used to commute to Baltimore, and she was rather worried that he might have lost his job.

"Just as I was about to get into my boat the next Sunday, I saw Barrett coming down the pier. I'd never seen him look so happy and well. And then he told me. He'd retired! I was amazed. He looked much too young. I'm sure I looked downright envious when I told him how lucky he was.

"'Luck nothing!' he said. 'It's my Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan—the one way I could find to get financial security for life. And, believe

it or not, it took me just fifteen years! You could do it, too. You have a good job. And you're still young enough. That's the main thing.'

"That very evening I noticed a Phoenix Mutual ad in a magazine. I clipped the coupon and sent for the booklet. When it arrived in the mail, Kathleen and I read about all the Phoenix Mutual Plans. 'Well this is real security!' she said. 'We'll never have to worry about ups and downs of the stock market, or about outliving our savings.' Sure enough, part of my salary could buy a retirement income that would last as long as either Kathleen or I lived. The only question was starting young. I was already forty, so I applied right away.

"Last summer, a few days after my fifty-fifth birthday, my first check for \$300 arrived—and was my retirement party ever a celebration! We've been having the time of our lives ever since. And to think we'll never have to worry about an income as long as we live!"

### Send for Free Booklet

This story is typical. Assuming you start at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$20 a month to \$3,600 a year or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for employee pension programs. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.

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CONTINUED



A wife's  
warmest  
welcome  
is well  
chilled...



Relax! You're home. You're ready for a cocktail—and your cocktails are ready for you! Delicious Heublein Cocktails, ready-mixed to perfection. No work. Just stir with ice and serve—or pour right on-the-rocks.

you've got it made with  
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Smart Idea: pour on-the-rocks straight from the bottle.

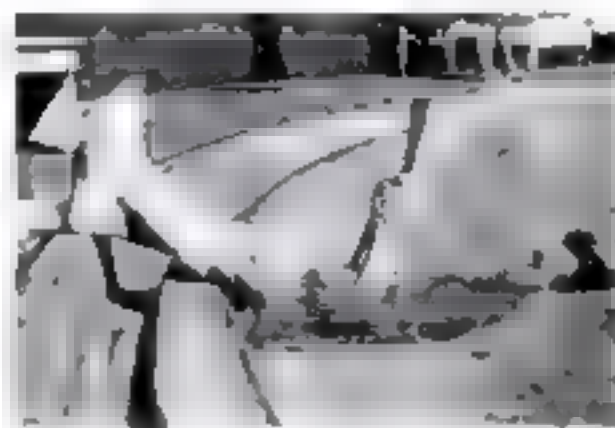
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other cocktail brands.  
G. F. HEUBLEIN & CO.,  
NEW YORK, N.Y.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

### SUMMERY SKIERS

Sirs:

Swimming pools at ski resorts such as the one at Mt. Snow ("Summery Sport for Skiers," *LIFE*, Jan. 26) are both a "lure for non-skiers" and a refuge for the temporarily incapacitated. Returning one afternoon from



sking, I came upon this fellow skier relaxing in the outdoor pool at Sun Valley.

CARL HALLIN

Chicago, Ill.

### LIVING AT 30° BELOW

Sirs:

Congratulations on a fine Alaska article ("Living at 30° Below: Alaska Thrives Amid Winter Gloom," *LIFE*, Jan. 26).

The prospect of playing golf for 19 continuous hours may start a golf rush to Alaska to rival the famous Klondike gold rush. On a recent trip I came across an odd group, the "Short Nighters' Golf Club." The admission requirement is that on the longest day of the year (June 21) the golfer must tee off at sunrise and play until sunset the next day—about 19 hours.

PHIL FORD

New York, N.Y.

### DARWIN: PART IV

Sirs:

Your beautifully illustrated articles on Charles Darwin and his great contributions to evolutionary science should be read and thoughtfully considered by every literate person. The article on the fauna of South America ("Strange Creatures of a Lost World," *LIFE*, Jan. 26), in the light of their prehistoric evolution, was especially interesting and informative.

DAVID BUEHENS

Winfield, Kan.

Sirs:

On the spread on hoofed mammals is an animal called Thomashuxleya. There must be some connection with Thomas Huxley. What is it?

MRS. DAVID COHEN

Long Island City, N.Y.

● Thomashuxleya was named by the Argentinian Paleontologist Florentino Ameghino, after the English biologist who was the great champion of Darwin's theories.—ED.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Sirs:

Please take us out of the sky and put us back on the ground!

Your extract of my letter (Letters to the Editors, *LIFE*, Jan. 26) about the taped message from the satellite would indicate that our communications equipment was contained within the satellite. Actually it was on the ground.

DAVID S. McNALLY

Kleinschmidt Laboratories  
Deerfield, Ill.

### CLOSE-UP

Sirs:

There has never been an article in your magazine that gave me more pleasure than your close-up on "Pappy" Boyington ("Bright Days for a 'Bum,'" *LIFE*, Jan. 26).

I first met Pappy in 1937, and had my first plane ride with him at the controls. I have always been convinced that if you gave Pappy an engine and a blanket, he'd fly!

I'm sure he has now found that there are two types of bravery: the first earned him the Congressional Medal of Honor, the second, the love and admiration of his wife and son.

MAJOR R. A. SMITH, USMC (Ret.)

Levittown, N.Y.

### SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Sirs:

I did something of a double-take when you went to all the trouble of using various tricks and distortion lenses in order to make boasts and varmint out of the faces and tails of small foreign car invaders ("Photo War on 'Bugs,'" *LIFE*, Jan. 26).

Herewith a varmint which required no such trickery. It was made from the manufacturer's own picture.

GILLESPIE EVANS

Washington, D.C.



CAR-HEADED CAT

Sirs:

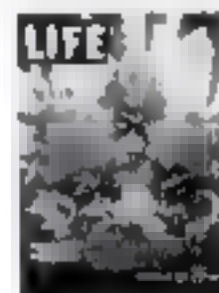
As president of the Antique Automobile Club of America, I would like to take issue with *LIFE* and Detroit Photographer Joe Clark who refer to our members as "frustrated junk dealers."

We are car collectors anxious to preserve the history of one product that has been the backbone of our nation, the automobile. One would not refer to collectors of treasured Rembrandts as frustrated house painters.

WILLIAM POLLOCK

Pottstown, Pa.

**LIFE** 542 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.



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colors are easy to clean, mothproofed for the carpet's life.

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MEDICINE IN ANCIENT EGYPT—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings, "A History of Medicine in Pictures," commissioned by Parke-Davis.

## Great Moments in Medicine

Clothed in spotless linens and wearing a wig, as became the dignity of his status, an Egyptian physician of 1500 B.C. administers to a patient with symptoms of lockjaw. Though Egyptian doctors dominated medicine in the ancient world for thousands of years, this highly respected practitioner could rely only on personal skill, judgment, and experience to combat such dreaded killers as tetanus.

Today, 3500 years later, due to advances in pharmaceutical research,

tetanus is no longer a source of fear. The modern physician employs safe, effective immunizing agents to protect you and your family from tetanus, polio, and many other infections that were killers of defenseless persons in former times.

Parke-Davis scientists are proud of their place in the living history of modern medicine, helping to provide the people of the world with the better health and longer life that come with better medicines.

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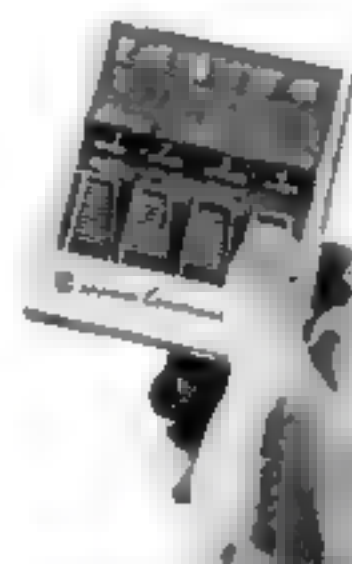
Turn TV on, change channels and volume, from your easy chair



Model illustrated is the Fredericksberg, Model C-3009, from the Zenith Decorator Group.

Zenith Space Command® Remote Control television tuning has no wires or cords to bother with, no batteries to replace

Just touch a button on the control unit you hold in your hand and Space Command tunes your Zenith TV for you. Does it from across the room with Silent Sound. Created by Zenith, patented by Zenith, it's the most convenient kind of television you can own. And it's the finest quality, too. The Zenith television class is *hand-crafted* and it has no printed circuits. This means more dependability; less service headaches. See Zenith Space Command® TV—in magnificent fine-furniture cabinets at your Zenith Dealer's.



*Not an extra-cost accessory—it's built right in.*

**First button** turns set on or off, adjusts volume at three different levels.

**Second button** changes channels to the left.

**Third button** changes channels to the right.

**Fourth button** shuts off the sound of long annoying commercials while the picture stays on.



Royalty of television, electronic, phonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 40 years of leadership in radio, exclusively.

**ZENITH**

*The quality goes in  
before the name goes on*





BACK AT HOME BASE AFTER REPELLING THE RUSSIAN BOARDERS FROM HIS CONVOY, CPL. RICHARD MASIERO STANDS SMILING IN AN ARMY TRUCK COMPOUND

## A GOOD SOLDIER vs. THE RUSSIANS

# NEW CHILL IN THE COLD WAR

One U.S. soldier, knowing his orders and taking no guff, last week stood off the Russians in Germany. Refusing to be pushed around, Cpl. Richard Masiero showed what the cold war is all about in one small but wonderfully gutsy performance. It was forced on him as he led a U.S. Army convoy out of West Berlin through the Russian Zone. He was halted by the Reds within 50 yards of reaching West Germany. A Russian sentry announced that he was going to inspect his cargo. Corporal Masiero announced he was not. Then the corporal and

four drivers set up a wagon-train defense (*next page*) until the Russians freed their trucks.

It was a small incident—involving a meaningless cargo of old Jeeps—but for 54 hours the whole Berlin crisis focused on it. About that time Secretary Dulles was stopping in London where Prime Minister Macmillan was preparing his own diplomatic reconnaissance of Moscow. Then the Secretary flew on to see President de Gaulle in Paris and Chancellor Adenauer in Bonn. His mission: to unite and shore up Western resistance to Russia's

last expiring ultimatum to get out of Berlin.

Dulles' mission was plainly needed. In Moscow, winding up Communism's 21st World Congress, Nikita Khrushchev was using every tool—from badgering the West German ambassador to flinging an insultingly offhand Moscow invitation at President Eisenhower—to get his way in the cold war crisis.

But the cards were not all Khrushchev's. To point up why it is difficult to take Russia on faith, the U.S. laid out evidence (*p. 26*) of a Russian attack on a defenseless U.S. plane.





**TALK ABOUT BERLIN** goes on in London and Moscow as the corporal waits. Left: Dulles leaves



host Prime Minister Macmillan. At right: Khrushchev lectures German Ambassador Kroll at party.

## THE SOLDIER HAD

by CPL RICHARD MASIERO

**B**ERLIN  
 AS soon as we got on the Autobahn I had a feeling something fishy was going on. We had cleared the American checkpoint at the Berlin city limits in routine time, but at the Soviet checkpoint, just down the road, they practically whizzed us through. I had made the run four or five times, and this was unusual. I was riding in SP 4/C Elwood Johnson's truck, and he said then he didn't like the extra-fast service; it made him feel funny. Roughly half-way on the 110-mile run to the West German border we stopped and took off our snow chains, and the other drivers had all noticed it. They said it made them feel funny too.

At Marienborn, just short of the border, we stopped the trucks and I got out to give our movement orders to the Russian checkpoint captain. They have a little one-room building there. He came out and checked our orders and the numbers on the trucks. Then he went over to one of the vehicles and wanted to climb in, but we've got standing orders on that. I told him, "Aem, nein." He went away 10 minutes,



**THE VICTOR.** Corporal Masiero stands on the running board of a truck with his clearance papers in one hand as his released convoy crosses over the border.



**STALLED CONVOY,** impounded by Russians, is parked (center) behind the East German border station, closed off by barrier and Red sentries.



# THE RUSSIANS ON HIS HANDS AND A GAME ON HIS MIND

then tried again, and again I said, "Nein." When he went into the building a second time, I took a piece of paper and wrote on it, "They won't let us clear the checkpoint. Get in touch with Captain Jennings." There was a westbound German car starting up, and I asked the driver to give my note to the *Amerikanischen* MPs about 50 yards down the road.

When the Russian captain returned, I told him I wanted to talk to the captain in command of the American checkpoint, and he had one of his enlisted men walk me down to the barrier. The MP on duty said he had my note, and about five minutes later Captain Louis S. Jennings drove up in his Chevrolet. Jennings and the Russian captain talked through an interpreter, but it wasn't much use—Jennings said all they seemed to be doing was bumping heads. He told us to sit tight.

Captain Jennings came back about 4:30 p.m. with a big aluminum pitcher of coffee and some Spam sandwiches, and once more about 7 with some sleeping bags. He said we might have to spend the night there. We slept in the cabs of the trucks as it got down to about 10°.

Tuesday morning Captain Jennings brought

us some egg sandwiches and coffee and some copies of *Stars and Stripes*. The Russians let us use their latrine, but it wasn't very clean and there was only cold water. So we went back unwashed and bearded. We had picked up a case of C-rations before leaving Berlin, and we heated them up on the truck manifolds. Russians and *Volkspolizei* came out and stared at us as we ate, but they never tried to talk to us.

Captain Jennings came back at 5 and this time he saw a Russian colonel for about an hour. Then he told us to line up the vehicles tailgate to tailgate, with bumpers touching, so we could feel the vibration if anybody set foot onto one. That's the way we spent Tuesday, the second night.

Captain Jennings kept us supplied with sandwiches and coffee Wednesday and brought us three big steel pots of hot water for washing and shaving. We kept meaning to ask him to bring us some playing cards, but every time we forgot it. Mostly we just talked.

We never really thought about being in the front line of the cold war. We didn't think we were in any danger; we could always see Americans just down the road. I was personally

concerned about getting back to Berlin in time to play in a basketball game—our MP company against the service company, which had licked us twice before.

Wednesday afternoon all the wheels showed up—Colonel Howard G. Salisbury, the Berlin provost marshal, together with Major Fred A. Warrick, his assistant; two lieutenant colonels from Frankfurt; Captain Jennings; Findley Burns, the political adviser from Berlin; and two Russian colonels and two captains. They all got together in that little one-room building, and about a quarter to 7 Colonel Salisbury came out and told us to get going into our zone.

When we got to the American checkpoint at Helmstedt it was already dark and suddenly so many photographers' flash bulbs went off the drivers were blinded. An American captain yelled to us to go straight to the American billets. Major Warrick came in about 10, and I rode to Berlin with him. I had chow at Andrews compound, took a hot shower and got to bed about 1:45 a.m. It felt wonderful to be back in time to play that basketball game. And this time we beat the service company, 58 to 47.



**FINAL OBJECTIVE** of 6-foot-2-inch corporal is achieved as he helps MP team win basketball game.





TWO UNKNOWN AIRMEN, WHOSE BODIES WERE RETURNED BY THE RUSSIANS, ARE BURIED IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY WITH A SALUTE AS TAPS ARE SOUNDED

## OTHERS IN THE FRONT LINE FIND THE PEACE OF ARLINGTON

The corporal won his round. But 17 other Americans caught up in this strange warlike peace were not so lucky. The cold war brought them bullets, and last week their relatives mourned their loss in a scene the U.S. does not expect to see in a time of peace (*opposite page*). The 17 were airmen, crew of a U.S. C-130 transport which disappeared over the Turkish border into Russia last Sept. 2. Eventually the Russians returned six bodies. Two, unidentified, were buried in Arlington National Cemetery last week. What had really happened to the plane—and the men?

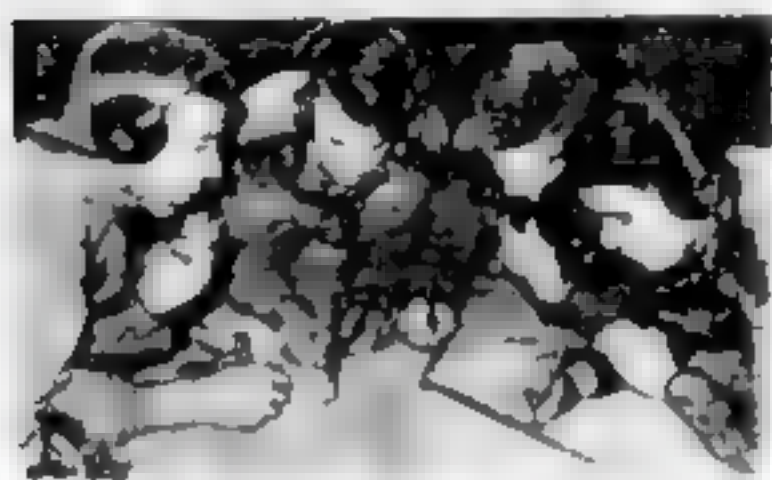
The U.S. gave the Russians plenty of chances to explain. The Russians repeatedly claimed that the plane had crashed. Then last week, to prove this story false, the U.S. brought forth a spine-chilling piece of

evidence. The State Department released a tape-recording made on Sept. 2 which played back the voices of Soviet pilots as they shot down a "four-engined transport." "Attack, attack, 218, attack," yelled one pilot over the radio. "I will finish him off on the run," another pilot bragged as the plane began to fall.

The Russians branded the tape a "farce." But the U.S. backed up its evidence with a Soviet aviation journal of September 1958 which described a "swift attack" on an "enemy" plane. The mission was described as a training flight, but it sounded suspiciously like what might have happened to the C-130. U.S. officers outlined a trap (*below, right*) which they believed the Russians might have laid to lure the plane to its death.

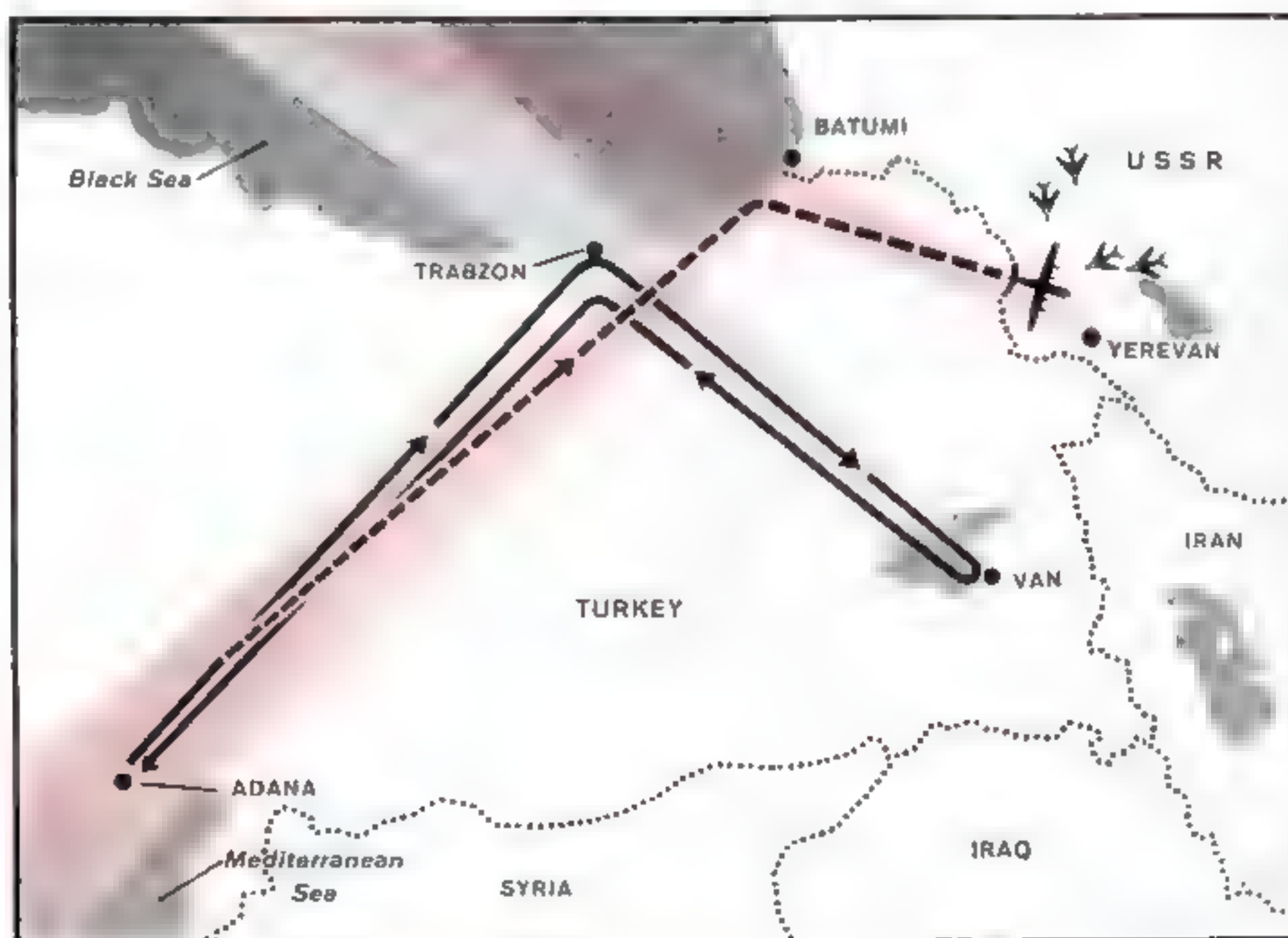
★ **СОВЕТСКАЯ  
АВИАЦИЯ**

ВЫСОКОЕ МАСТЕРСТВО



**SOVIET BOAST** of a "swift attack" is published in aviation paper with picture of officer and airmen who directed fighter pilots to "enemy" target by radio.

**SOVIET TRAP** believed used to betray U.S. plane is shown on map. Plane was to fly from Adana over Trabzon and Van, back to Adana, guided by Turkish radio beams (*in gray*). But powerful Soviet beams (*in red*) near Batumi and Yerevan lured it across border to MiG fighters.











#### PLAYFUL PAPA'S PITCH

At a fancy wine-tasting party in Sun Valley, Idaho, Gary Cooper and his old hunting partner Papa Hemingway retired together to the sidelines to clear their heads and palates with some hors d'oeuvres. When Cooper said, "Pass me an olive," Hemingway decided to try doing it the hard way. He backed off a pace or two and pitched the olive. Cooper fielded it neatly.

#### PATIENT AUDREY'S SMILE→

Gaily smiling despite the pain, Audrey Hepburn lay on a bed in an ambulance which was taking her home to Beverly Hills after an accident. Filming a western, *The Unforgiven*, in Mexico, she was violently thrown from her horse, suffered two fractured vertebrae in her back. Though she will be laid up in bed for five weeks, she is expected to recover completely.

## A LOOK AT

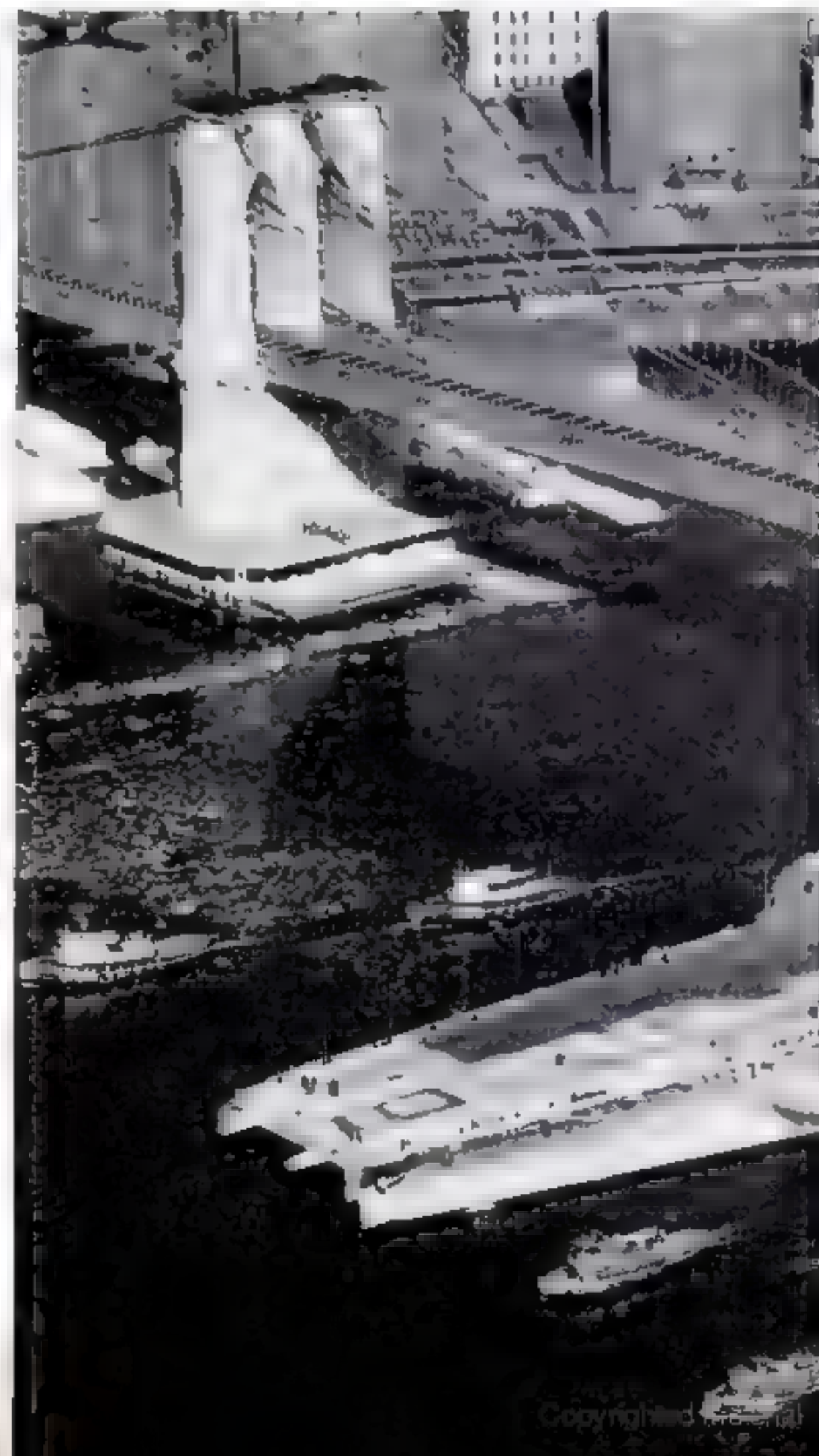


#### A SPECIAL DELIVERY

Sassy, a 4-year-old leopard with a malformed pelvis, was tied and anesthetized as she underwent a Caesarean section in order to give birth to three cubs at the Glen Oak Park Zoo in Peoria, Ill. Two of the cubs survived and are now being wet-nursed by a neighborly beagle.

#### A TIGHT SQUEAK→

Outbound for her sea trials, the world's biggest aircraft carrier, *Independence*, squeaked under the 133-foot Brooklyn Bridge. With her mast folded, she had less than seven feet of clearance between the bridge and her superstructure and only five feet of water beneath her keel.





# THE WORLD'S WEEK



## AN ALMOST KNIGHTLY ENCOUNTER

Suitably bedecked and benedaled to greet England's Princess Margaret at a royal command performance of *The Horse's Mouth* in London, Sir Alec Guinness, a real English knight, still looked engagingly like a character played by Actor Alec Guinness. Next to him is Actress Juliette Greco.



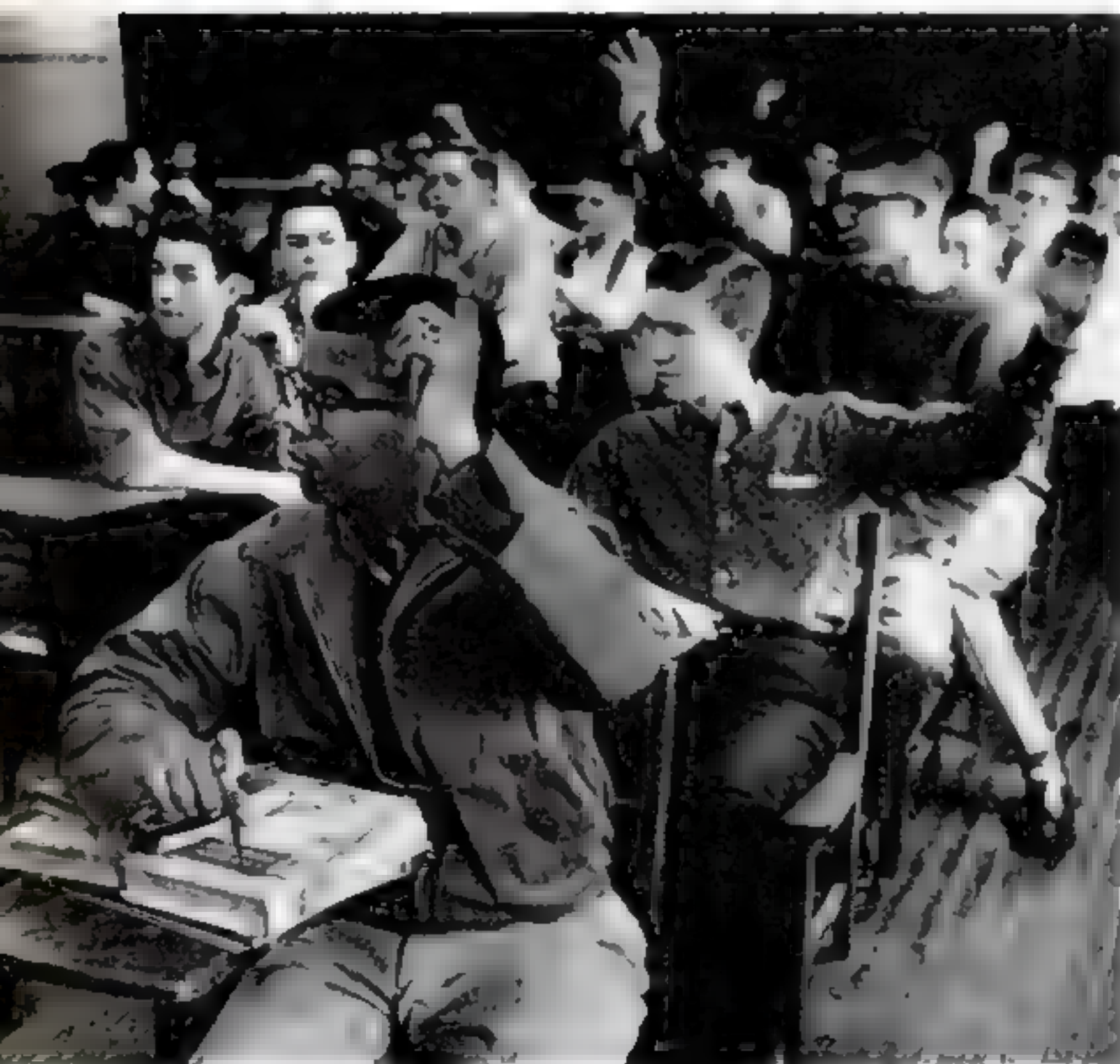


**FRIENDLY APPROACH** 15-year-old Negro pupil Lewis Cousins at Norfolk's desegregated Mary

High is made by Martha Ann Potts (left) and Lisa Gary in cafeteria. He had been eating alone at table.



**NERVOUS JOKE** is shared by Lewis and girls as they get acquainted. He told them a white boy had



## CALM AND HOPEFUL

### Negroes enter white Virginia schools

As Virginia's "massive resistance" to integration crumbled last week, 21 Negro students walked cautiously into former all-white public schools. They came prepared to face enmity, ridicule or even physical violence. They found tension and a few taunts. But there was no trouble. For the most part the handful of Negroes scattered through seven schools in Norfolk and Arlington were pointedly ignored by white students. The state, which had made a carefully planned and resolute fight to check desegregation, dutifully accepted the courts' decision. The peaceful transition went a long way to restore the climate of inevitability of integration in the South, which had been badly disturbed a year and a half ago by violence and Richard Daley in Little Rock, Ark.

Virginia's pioneering Negro students were grateful at first for being left alone. But they soon found that loneliness was the hardest part of integration. For them the crowded school cafeteria was an uncomfortable place at lunch time. They felt isolated in their seats in the auditorium. They welcomed the chance to share in the school routine that classroom recitation gave them. Many, like Lewis Cousins (left) at Norfolk student at the Negro high school he attended last year, recited freely and well. Most of the senior high students took demanding college preparatory courses.

← **RESPONDING IN CLASS**, Lewis in front row raises his hand to indicate that he prefers indoor track to other gym classes during the physical education period





promised to eat with him but did not appear. Martha Ann suggested the boy had his schedule mixed up.



**TOUCHED WITH CONCERN** for Lewis, Martha Ann breaks into tears after their talk. "I feel so

sorry for him," she said. "He told me that he was pretty lonely and finds it hard to make friends."

## INTEGRATION START

and find some friends amid loneliness

But after the first class hours a few classmates made sincere efforts to help the new students feel more at home. Cousins, the only Negro enrolled at Norfolk's Maury High, got a big boost when he was approached at lunch by friendly girls who asked him about his first day's experiences (above). Later the school's five-sport athlete Bill Black made a point of walking through the halls in English class with Cousins. "I think he'll get along all right," Black said afterwards. "In two or three months I think it'll all be forgotten."

It was the attitude of students like Bill Black along with the thoughtful plans of adults that made integration work so smoothly in Virginia. The Negro students themselves had been carefully trained in what to do and expect. City officials prepared their way by providing strong local police protection and by reducing the fanfare on integration day. Potential agitators were effectively handled: students who showed up looking for trouble were told to register for classes or go home. But most important was the eagerness of the students to return to schools that had been closed since September. Norfolk student leaders placed a newspaper ad calling for an orderly reopening of schools. "We want the schools to stay open," said one, "and if they have to be integrated that's okay, too."

**ALONE IN LINE**, Betty Jean Reed tensely waits for lunch at Granby High cafeteria as other students ignore her. She is the only Negro in the Norfolk school. →





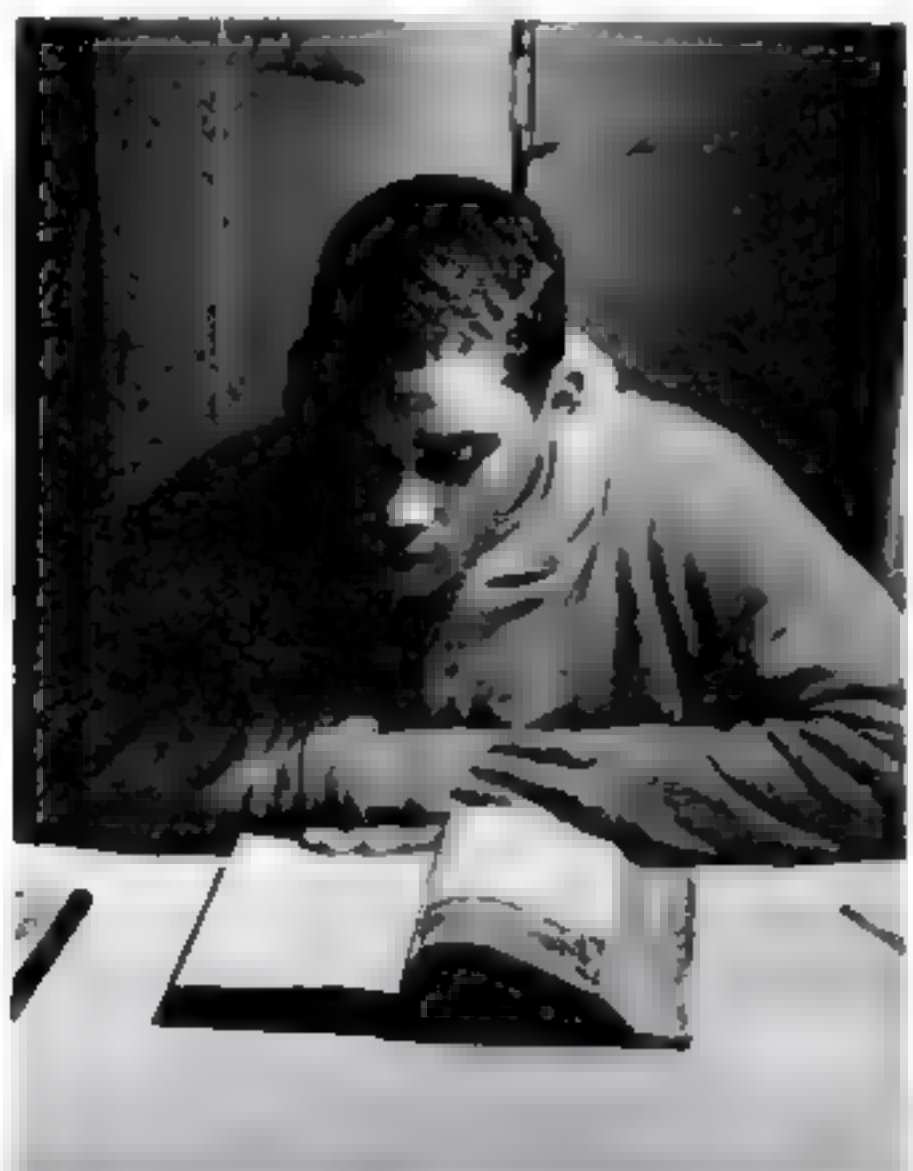
# INTEGRATION CONTINUED



**AFTER SCHOOL** Olivia Driver, 14, returns happily home following her first classes at Norview High.



**PRACTICING AT HOME**, integrated pupils Alveraz Gonsouland and half-brother toss basketball.



**DOING HOMEWORK**, Gonsouland reads Spanish lesson. "I'm studying like never before," he says.



**RELIEVED IT IS OVER**, Betty Jean Reed (preceding page), in first week at Granby, calls a boyfriend.

Impressed with the casual reception she got, Betty said, "I thank I'm 2 and 2 to like Granby fine."





# NOW! NEWLY IMPROVED!

Even more chicken flavor!



**Dip in your spoon!** That steaming, golden broth is richer, has more body. You can actually see the difference! Yes, there's even *more* chicken flavor in Campbell's newly improved Chicken Noodle Soup. And those tender pieces of chicken, those melt-in-your-mouth enriched egg noodles! M'mm! Delicious! So quick, too – only 4 minutes; and so thrifty – less than 7¢ a serving. Campbell's newly improved Chicken Noodle Soup makes it easy to enjoy the happy habit: Once a day... every day – SOUP!



Have you  
had your  
soup today?



# COMFORT-CONDITIONED TEST HOMES HEATED



TEST HOUSE T-4 in Minneapolis is owned by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Swanson. Says Mr. Swanson, "Our heating and cooling costs were less last year than most people around here spend for heating alone. We're sold on low-cost comfort with Full-Thickness Fiberglas Insulation."



Look for  
this sign  
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home

FULLY INSULATED with **Fiberglas**

Full **HOUSEPOWER** for Electrical Living  
Today and Tomorrow

Nationwide tests prove that Comfort-Conditioning with Full-thickness Fiberglas Insulation pays for itself in heating and cooling savings. Here's where you belong—in a Comfort-Conditioned Home.

In 1955, Owens-Corning Fiberglas decided to find out exactly how much it costs to heat and cool a home with full-thickness insulation.

For three years, utilities serving 150 Comfort-Conditioned Test Homes in all parts of the country have cooperated by keeping case records of heating and cooling costs. Following are the results of these tests to date—actual cost for a 1200 square-foot home.

	Heating	Cooling	Total	Average Monthly
North.....	\$145.37	\$16.06	\$161.43	\$13.45
Central....	123.02	25.70	148.72	12.39
South.....	44.36	48.80	93.16	7.76
National Average	87.07	36.05	123.12	10.25





# AND COOLED FOR ONLY \$10.25\* A MONTH!



**TEST HOUSE T-21** in Houston is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Minter. Says Mr. Minter, "Our total heating and cooling costs were only \$115.30 last year. J. S. Norman Building Corp., builders of this home, tell me that Full Thickness Fiberglas Insulation saved us \$117, compared with FHA minimum standards."



These tests show what so many homeowners are enjoying in Comfort-Conditioned Homes all over America—big dividends in comfort and substantial dollar savings on their heating and cooling costs.

Full-Thickness Fiberglas Insulation saves an average of \$58 per year on heating and cooling costs, compared with the minimum insulation standards required by FHA. If you own an older home, you may have even less insulation than present FHA standards. Talk to your Fiberglas Approved Insulating Contractor about installing Fiberglas Insulation.

For the complete story of the Owens-Corning Fiberglas Test House Program and the facts it revealed, write for free booklet, "The Full Story of Full Insulation," Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, Dept. 10B-16, Toledo 1, Ohio.

\* Average cost of heating and cooling 50 Comfort-Conditioned Test Homes, where operating costs were carefully checked and adjusted to 1200 square feet of living area.

**THE COMFORT-CONDITIONED HOME:** leading builders present a new kind of home that assures you the comfort, convenience and economy of Full Housepower and Full-Thickness Fiberglas Insulation. Many Comfort-Conditioned Homes also include Fiberglas products in such features as indoor-outdoor living; sound-conditioning, air-conditioning and filtration; built-in appliances.

PT-10 (Rev. U.S. Pat. Off.) U.S. F. CORP.





# TEST YOURSELF

*to see if you  
need*

*Tussy Moisturizers...*



- 1 Look in your mirror. See a trace (or more) of lines near your eyes?
- 2 Do your cheeks, perhaps, feel drawn ...does the skin seem almost parched?
- 3 Is there a hint of crinkled, "crepe-y" skin on your chin, your throat?

*Treat yourself with Tussy  
Moisture Cream and Moisture Lotion*

...to quench dry, parched skin  
with gentle moisture.

...to guard against flaking, chapping  
with precious Vitamin A—  
in spite of winter wind and cold.

...to soften and smooth, to help bring  
out the dewy freshness you long for.

**TUSSY MOISTURE CREAM**  
Smooth on faithfully every night.  
No grease, no stain...all its  
wonder seeps in. \$5 and \$3, plus tax.

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Smooth it on before make-up... makes  
a lovely powder-base, gives you day-long  
moisturizing action, too! \$5 and \$3, plus tax.

*Treat yourself to beauty.* **TUSSY**





HEAD BANDAGED AND BOTH HIS LEGS BROKEN, EDWARD GOTTLIEB, 49, ONE OF EIGHT SURVIVORS OF ELECTRA CRASH, LIES IN QUEENS GENERAL HOSPITAL

## AGONY AND ENIGMA IN A DARK RIVER

The few survivors tell of prop-jet crash only a few seconds from safe landing

by HERBERT BREAN, *Life Staff Writer*



A WINGTIP of the sunken Electra protrudes from the East River near a line of pilings. The tip, a

short submerged piece of wing and the outboard motor attached to it made up first piece salvaged

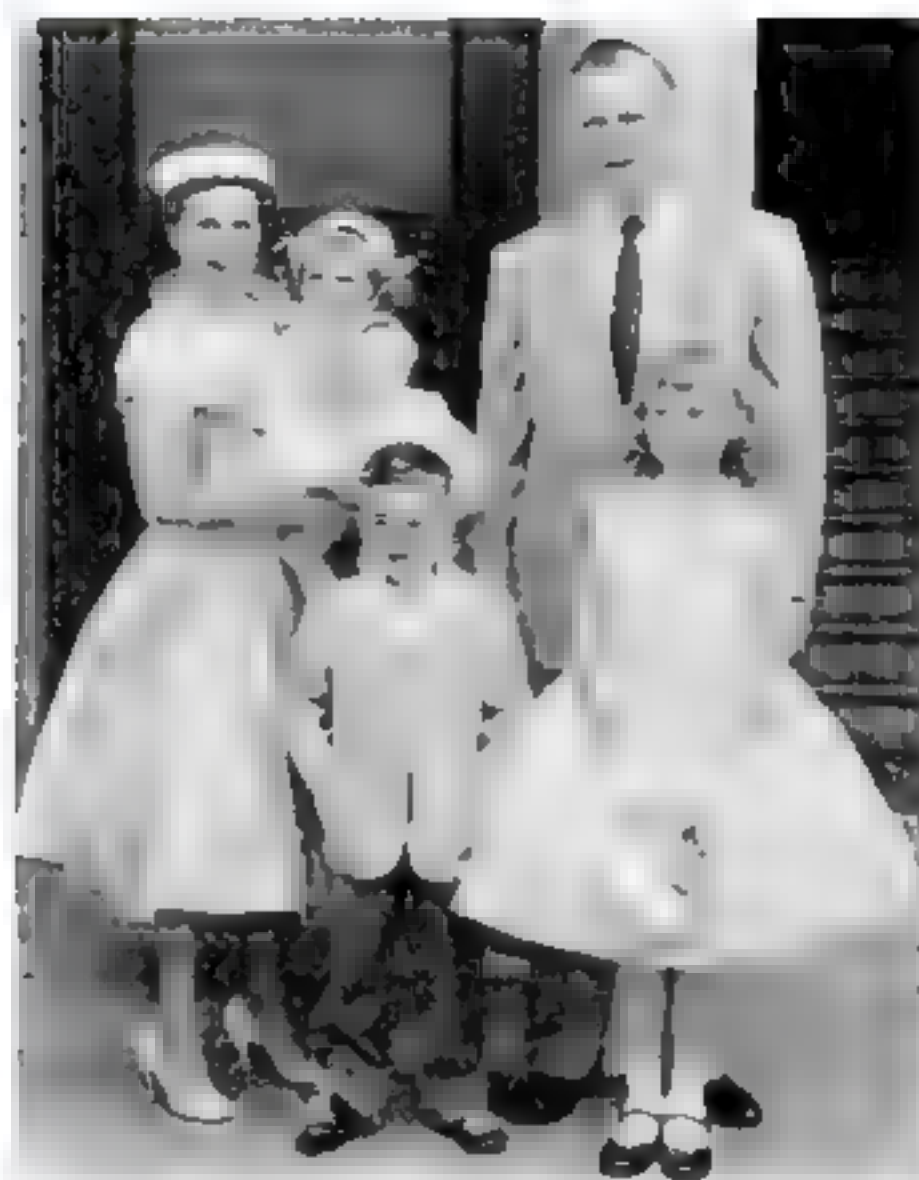
IT was almost midnight when Albert Joyce, the engineer of the seagoing tug *H. Thomas Tet Jr.*, glanced out a porthole and saw the running lights of an airplane abreast of the craft and perhaps a thousand feet away. The *Tet* was stolidly towing two empty barges through the choppy waters of New York City's East River, navigating by radar through fog and a light rain. Joyce knew that the runways of La Guardia Airport were nearby; even so, it seemed to him that the big plane was uneasily close to the water. Then he heard a crash.

On the tug's bridge Captain Samuel Nickerson and Mate Everett Phelps were about to exchange watches at the wheel. They too heard the noise in the black night: "a sound just like dynamite going off." There was no flash nor any fire, and they had heard no motor drone. Phelps switched on the tug's powerful searchlight. Immediately, as it swept across the river, it picked up a plane disintegrating in the water. "It seemed to be caving in on all sides," said Phelps later.

Minutes before, as the big new Lockheed Electra prop-jet—in service only 12 days—crossed the Hudson, a familiar announcement had come over the public address system. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain De Witt. We will be landing at La Guardia in about five

CONTINUED





**TRAGIC FAMILY** of Joseph Sullivan, all killed but Bobby (center), posed like this two years before



**SAVED SON.** Bobby Sullivan, 8, is taken by policemen from the rescue tug *Ten* to waiting ambulance.



**BEING COMFORTED** by grandmother Bobby Sullivan lies in Flushing Hospital holding envelope of

promises for wrapped-up piggy bank that Mrs. Nora Sullivan is holding. Bobby first thought his mother

## PROP-JET CRASH CONTINUED

n minutes." Captain Albert De Witt was one of American Airlines' veterans, who had put in his bid several months before to pilot the new prop-jet transports. He was 59 years old.

This flight from Chicago had been uneventful, although a little bumpy. The passengers had read, drowsed and sat for the most part in the self-containment customary to air travelers. Had they got to know each other they would have learned they were a fairly distinguished group.

Aboard the plane there were an internationally known authority on photosynthesis, the producer of the *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* television show, the western advertising manager for *Logan*, the editorial director of *Madison Avenue* magazine, a noted inventor, four clergymen, the president of a New York firearms company and American Airlines' airport architect. There were also Edward Gottlieb, a prominent New York public relations executive (he directed the "Which Twin Has the Toni?" campaign); Joseph Sullivan, president of a Long Island crane-rental company traveling with his wife and three children; Seymour Kemach, a Brooklyn display salesman;

Herbert Forman, a West Plainfield, N.J. engineer, and 49 others.

Shortly before the landing began, Kemach had walked aft to the lounge and taken a corner seat beside the bulkhead. During the approach he was chatting with the two stewardesses and another passenger. Gottlieb was looking out his window and wishing the visibility were a little better. Like most people, he does not like instrument landings.

The big plane settled in gently toward its landing. What happened next is best pictured in a mosaic composed of the survivors' scattered impressions. "There was a sudden jolt and a shudder," says Forman. "There was a terrific bang and the plane went in splinters and bits," said Gottlieb. Both men found themselves in the cold waters of the East River, hurled in an instant from the upholstered comfort of the plane's interior, without knowing how they got there.

Kemach had been dashed against the partition beside his seat, instead of being thrown out of the plane. He looked around, dazed. The lights had gone out, but a blue emergency light had come on. By it he saw a little boy's head protruding from a confusion of wreckage. The stewardesses were wedged into their

seats. There was a moment of silence. In that instant of horrendous shock, when the plane stopped dead from a speed of about 135 miles per hour, many people had died of crushed bodies and broken necks.

Across from Kemach was an emergency door. He worked desperately to get it open as water rose in the aisle. A man yelled hysterically. "I can't get this seat belt open! Give me a knife!" Kemach got the door open.

Moving through water up to his hips, Kemach grabbed the little boy first, got him out and put him up on the tail assembly. Then he pulled out the stewardesses, one after the other, and got them into the relative safety of the water. Somehow the boy's mother had also got out to the tail. They waited, clinging to the tail assembly or kneeling on top of it.

Eight hundred feet away Captain Nickerson on the tug had had to make a split-second decision. If he was to do any good at all, he had to get to the scene fast and with two huge barges in tow his tug was crawling. But if he cast off the barges, he might later find that the gesture was in vain. Over the water came a thin chorus of cries for help. Despite fears that he would get in trouble for so cavalierly treating his





was still alive and only elsewhere in hospital. He was not told the bitter truth until four days after

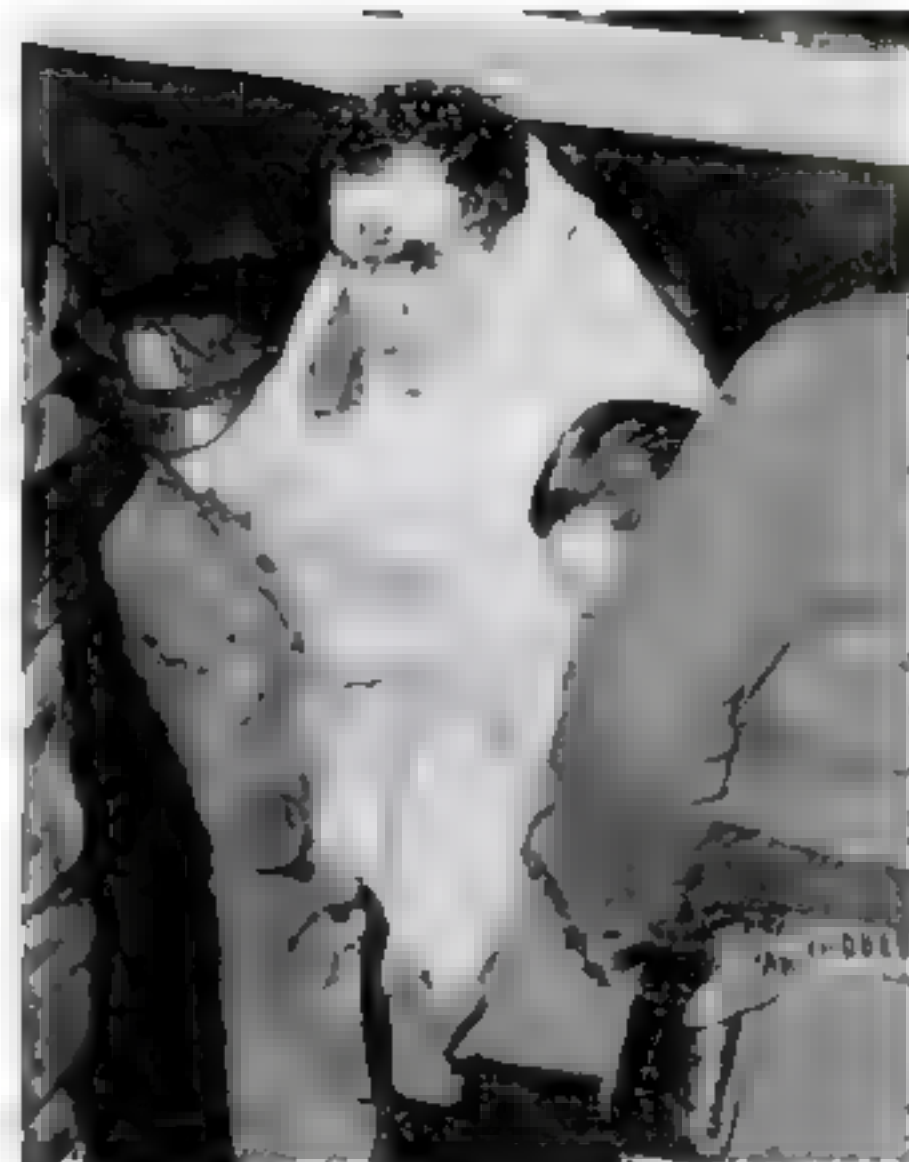
responsibility. Nickerson cast off the barges and barked an emergency call for help on the *Teti's* radio. As the tug plowed forward through shallow water and mud, her searchlight began to show more wreckage, bodies, luggage and clothing. The captain told his eight-man crew to stand by with lines, boat hooks and life preservers, for no one could keep himself afloat long in that 36° water, even if uninjured. The thing to do was to head for the living first.

Forty-nine-year-old Ed Gottlieb sank at once in the black waters. "How far down am I going!" flashed through his mind. "I may never get back up." He did not realize it but he was still strapped in his plane seat which had been torn loose by the impact (some bodies were later recovered in the same condition). His left hand found the seat belt strap and unbuckled it. He began to rise. He gulped some water but finally surfaced and saw dim river lights. Gottlieb tried to swim, but he could not make his legs move (both were broken, although he felt no immediate pain). A seat cushion floated by and he grabbed it. It slipped away and he sank again and he thought, *Well, God, this is it.* Again he came to the surface which now tasted of airplane fuel, and the cushion was still

crash when he had somewhat recovered from contusions, fatigue and shock. Then, stunned, he wept.

there. He grabbed it again. Out of the darkness a voice yelled, "Can you swim over here? There's a wing here." Gottlieb swam toward the voice, holding the cushion with his right hand, flailing desperately with the left trying to make his helpless legs work. The water was numbing. From out of the darkness came hysterical cries. "Help me! I'm here. Help, help! . . . This way. . . . Oh, God! Save me."

By now perhaps two minutes had elapsed since the crash. Kemach, the little boy Bobby Sullivan, his mother Lorraine, who was six months pregnant, and the stewardesses hung on to the floating wreckage, helpless castaways virtually within sight of Manhattan's towers. The plane's tail was sinking fast. Bobby could not see very well; he had lost his glasses and his chest hurt. The tug came on but it was missing them. Kemach and Stewardess Joan Zeller slipped away to swim to the *Teti* and direct it to the sinking tail assembly. Kemach sank twice during the swim and a *Teti* crewman boat-hooked the stewardess onto the tug. Then the vessel went after the rest, and barely in time. Bobby Sullivan had to swim part of the way to the tug. The tail assembly sank at once. The other stewardess had disappeared. Crew



**BOBBY'S RESCUER**, Seymour Kemach, is led off the *Teti*. He has head injuries and bad body bruises.



**STEWARDESS** who survived, Joan Zeller, 21, is taken to Flushing Hospital with internal injuries.



**FLIGHT ENGINEER** Warren Cook, 36, suffered from injuries and shock after his heroism in water.

CONTINUED



## PROP-JET CRASH CONTINUED

members took as many victims inside as they could. Bobby's mother was dying.

A short distance away, Gottlieb, guided by the encouraging voice, threshed toward the wing. As the tug drew nearer he could see two other men in the water, also struggling toward the wing. When he got there he could not crawl up on it and the man yelling him encouragement, whose face was a mask of blood, crawled over and helped him on. It was the plane's flight engineer, Warren Cook of Aurora, Ill. Another of the swimmers made it; it was Forman, who was similarly helped by Cook. The third man may have been one of the two remaining survivors.

The *Teti* swung around and her light fell on the wing. "It was a beautiful thing to see," says Gottlieb. The tug came up and took them off, and Gottlieb found himself lying gratefully, but achingly cold, on the deck. A crewman came along and gave him a swig of cognac from a bottle. One of Gottlieb's clients is the French cognac industry and he knows good brandy. This was not good brandy. He had never tasted anything better.

The *Teti* came across a fuselage section containing a door. An arm waved wildly from it. The crewman tried desperately to pry the door open, but before they could the strong-running current swept the section away. "I'll never forget that feeling," said Phelps.

When there were no more living left to rescue, Nickerson turned the *Teti* toward College Point. He wondered where the barges were and what the owners would say. "You don't cast off \$300,000 worth of barges in this business," he reminded himself darkly.

Out on the river lights of police launches and Coast Guard boats swept the rough waters. On the shore crowds of policemen were deployed to safeguard drifting possessions and crash clues. Wreckage floated in, luggage, bodies, coats and valuables, even a jewel box of pearls. Nickerson's barges nudged into a mud flat and stuck.

Bobby Sullivan reached a hospital bed, murmured, "It's so much warmer here than it was in the water," and fell into an exhausted sleep. Nickerson's boss announced he certainly did not have to worry about the barges, and that the company was proud of him. Fourteen-year-old Susan Kemach, when she heard what her father had done, said proudly, "He's not the kind to go away from trouble," and added simply, "My hero." The Reverend Donald McGrath, whose clergyman brother was one of the four ministers to die, told a radio interviewer in a grief-choked voice that he wanted to offer his spiritual help and comfort to all who had suffered a loss as he had. In a sense he spoke for all of stunned New York.

Long before all the flotsam had been found or had floated out to sea, a Federal Aeronautics Authority investigation began into why the superbly instrumented luxury airliner had flown down into the water, less than a mile from the safety of the runway, carrying 65 of the 73 aboard to their deaths. Did the bad weather and the over-water approach affect the captain's vision or his depth perception? Had the altimeter, a new type, been misread or mis-set? Was it the lack of a radio beam on Runway 22, that could have told the captain his exact altitude? At week's end no one had solved the awful enigma—what mechanical failure, what freak of wind or human error drew the great ship down from the clouds into the dark river.



**NORMAL APPROACH PATTERN** which Electra failed to follow is shown by streaks in 20-minute time exposure of planes landing on Runway 22. Horizontal streak is made by a plane on a false pass.

**SALVAGING ELECTRA**, a giant derrick barge in East River already has wingtip and outboard engine on deck as crane prepares to bring up a section of fuselage. In background are lights of Runway 22.





# RED CARLING CAP ALE

*A most unusual ale!*

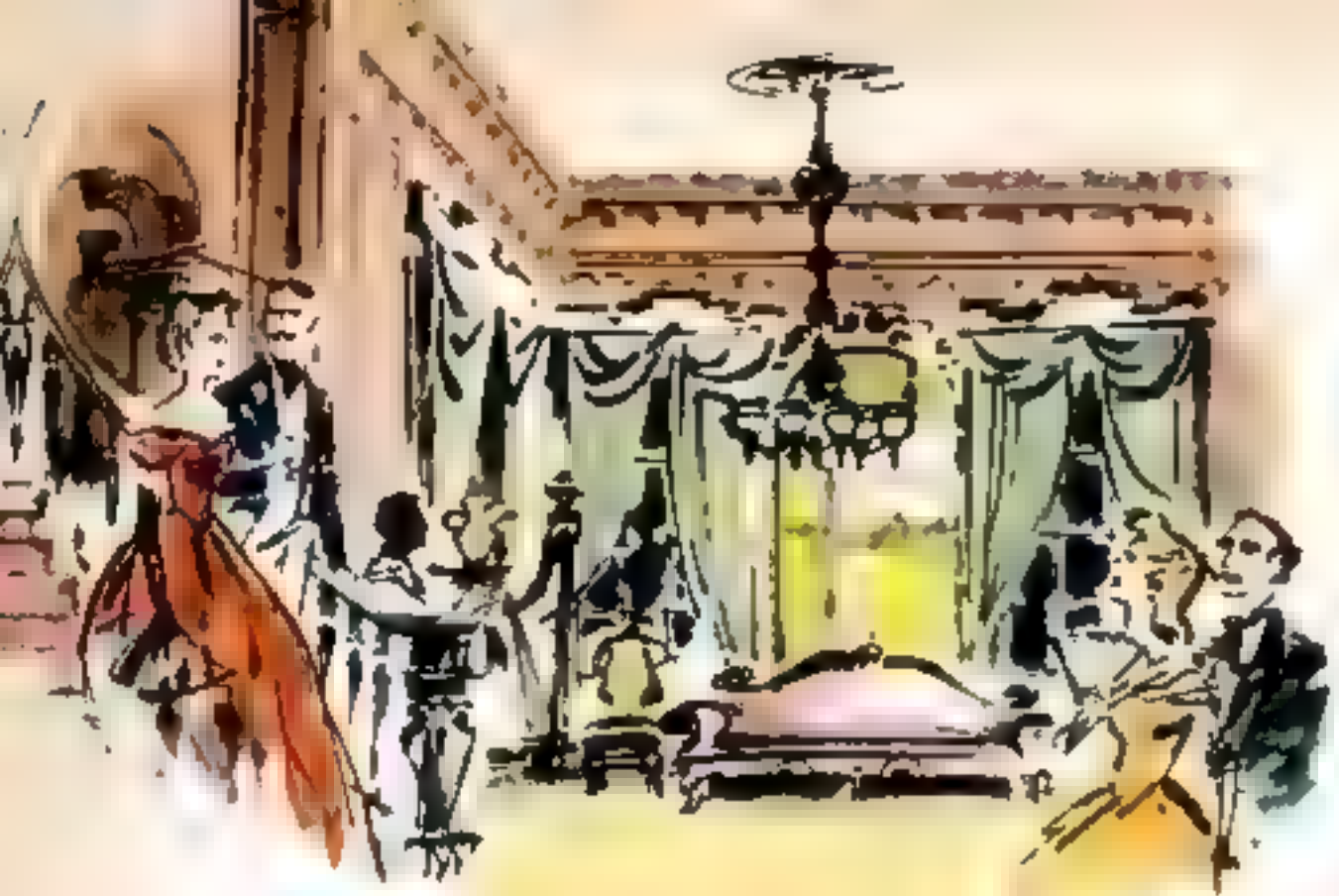


## Table for two and Red Cap, too!

"Going out" is a pleasure you deserve more often—so once a week, take a real "fun break" and visit your favorite restaurant or tavern! Good company, fine service, and hearty, robust Red Cap will make it a night to remember.







For livability unlimited...

there's nothing

ELEGANCE AND COMFORT are the hallmarks of wood in every era. Walls, doors and floors of wood reflect deep beauty with the simplest of care . . . wood furniture invites most pleasant relaxation wood ceilings and beams help surround our living with the familiar friendliness of a natural material.





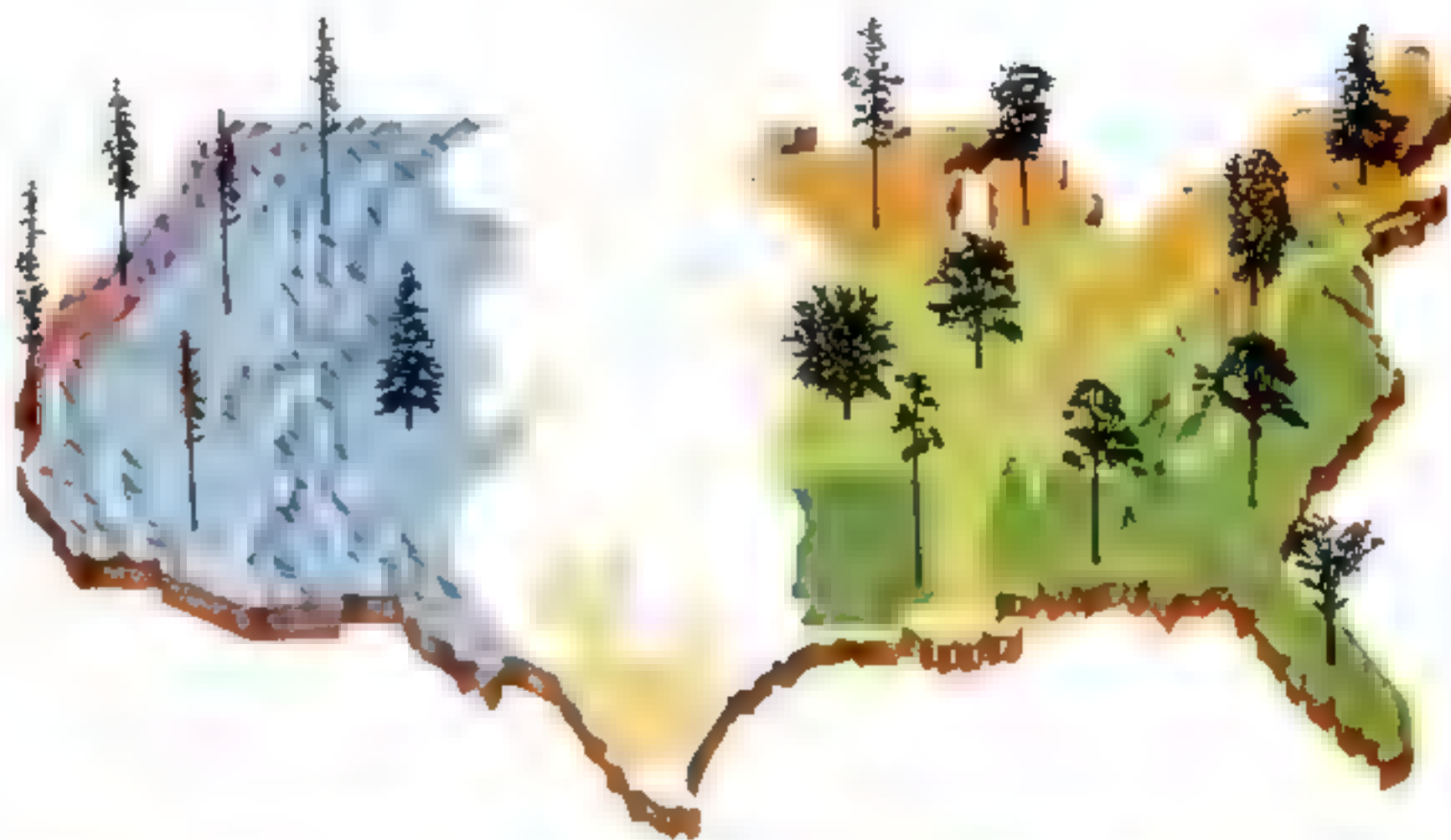
# in the world like WOOD

**HOW WOOD ANSWERS AMERICA'S NEED FOR MORE LIVABLE HOMES . . . HOW WOOD AFFECTS OUR TASTES, OUR EMOTIONS, OUR POCKETBOOKS . . . HOW LUMBER AND WOOD PRODUCTS WILL CONTRIBUTE TO OUR NEW MODE OF LIVING TOMORROW**

Whether or not you "touch wood" for luck, you touch it with a *friendly* feeling . . . a natural, human response to its living character, its warm texture, its incomparable beauty of color and grain.

Like innumerable generations before us, we tend to take wood for granted . . . as the material most universally used in our homes . . . as the material which, though often imitated by cold, less attractive materials, needs never masquerade as anything but itself.

We know how to work with wood in many ways . . . how to shape it, nail it, glue it, stain it, paint it. But few of us are familiar with the wonderful *new* world of wood. Though man used wood to form his first crude shelter, today's architects, builders, designers and technologists are just beginning to discover wood's almost limitless potential . . . for creating more livable homes in a bright new age of building.



## Major forest regions and commercially useful trees

### DOUGLAS FIR REGION

Douglas fir, west coast hemlock, western red cedar, Sitka spruce

### REDWOOD REGION

redwood, Douglas fir

### WESTERN PINE REGION . . .

ponderosa pine, Idaho white pine, Douglas fir, white fir, sugar pine, inland red cedar, western larch, Engelmann spruce, lodgepole pine

### NORTHERN FORESTS

maple, birch, beech, northern white pine, eastern spruce, ash, black cherry, jack pine, aspen

### CENTRAL & SOUTHERN HARDWOOD FORESTS

oaks, yellow poplar, gum, hickory, black walnut

### SOUTHERN PINE REGION

loblolly pine, slash pine, shortleaf pine, longleaf pine, cypress

**Wood's variety and abundance.** From America's vast forestlands, delineated on this map, come more than 100 commercial species of softwoods and hardwoods . . . forest products to satisfy every individual taste or need. As our only renewable resource, wood offers the availability and abundance to satisfy the nation's ever-growing demands. And, through modern tree farming as practiced by the forest products industry, we can be assured of a continuous supply of timber for the future.

*Wood's story continued on next two pages . . .*



**Wood is timeless and ageless.** Timelessness is a quality of wood that few other materials possess. Wood has been in style throughout man's history . . . because wood not only endures, but also grows richer and more beautiful with age. Some ancient churches of timber construction are still in use after 1200 years. The charm of an Early American home is as real as the fresh, functional beauty of the most modern dwelling.





WOOD KITCHEN CABINETS are widely preferred for their beauty . . . their compatibility with appliances in color.



IN HOME WORKSHOPS, wood responds easily, beautifully to the imaginative demands of the hobbyist with his modern woodworking tools . . . lends itself to many projects of lasting worth.

## At work, worship or play . . . you're always

Everyone can work easily and happily with wood. Its smooth texture and distinctive grains afford emotional satisfaction to the home craftsman, the professional sculptor. Its flexibility provides great opportunities for creative design by the architect and the furniture stylist.

**Workability for economy.** One of wood's unique assets, its easy workability, helps make wood construction most economical . . . your best building buy. For the home

of any style, size or price . . . on any site, in any setting, anywhere . . . wood offers the most rewarding investment.

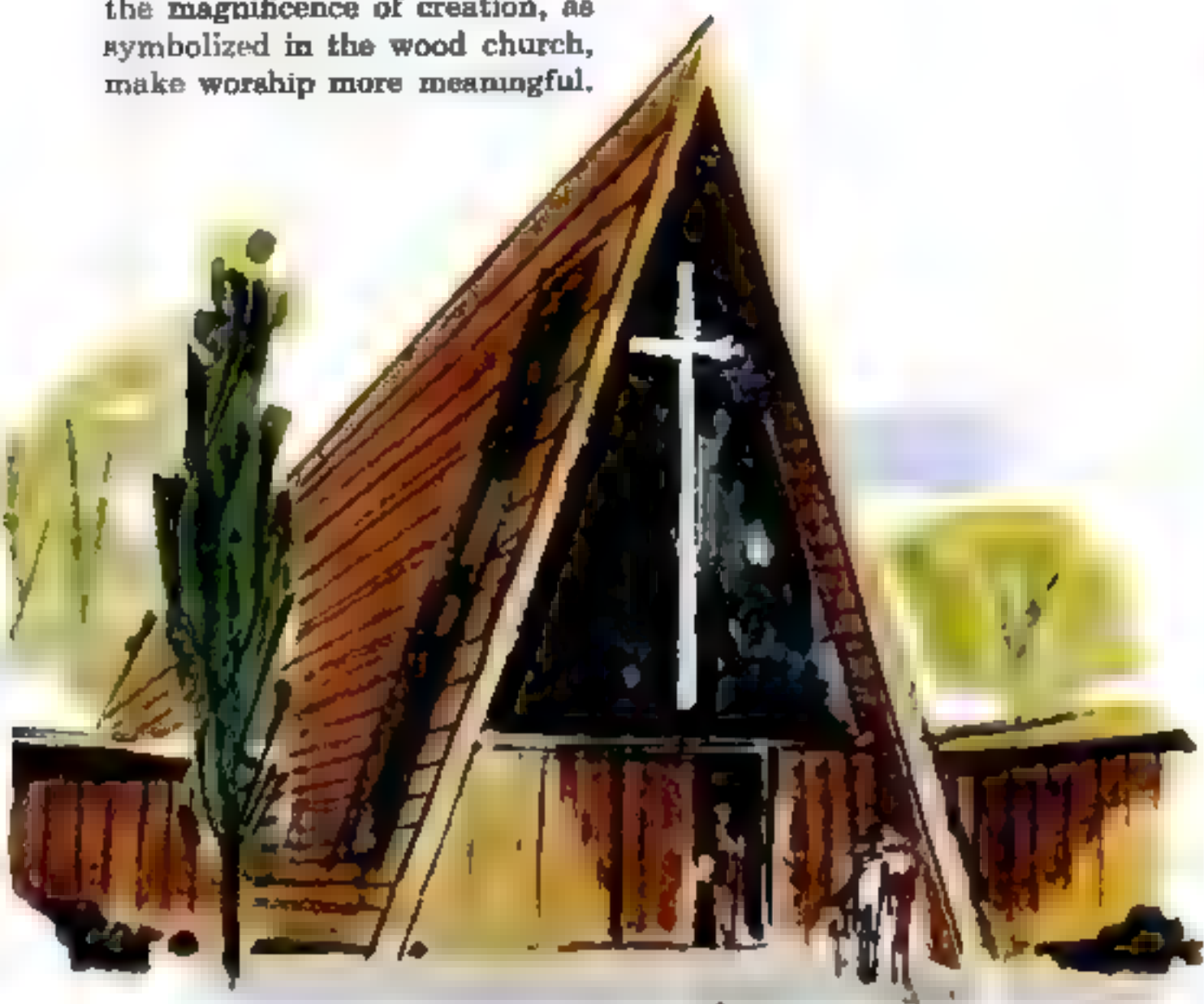
**Exciting progress in wood.** In the product development laboratory, on the engineer's drawing board, remarkable new things are happening to wood . . . to extend still further its superiority as a building material. Lamination processes have increased its structural strength-weight advantage. For special uses, wood can be made more fire-



9 OUT OF 10 U.S. HOMES, inside their walls and ceilings and under their floors, have the resilient strength of an all-wood frame. Sturdy timbers support every part of the structure, from foundation to roof, uniting them into a single, sound unit of durable shelter. Here, wood works unseen through the years, to endow your home with lasting comfort, security and value.



THE SERENITY OF THE FOREST,  
the magnificence of creation, as  
symbolized in the wood church,  
make worship more meaningful.



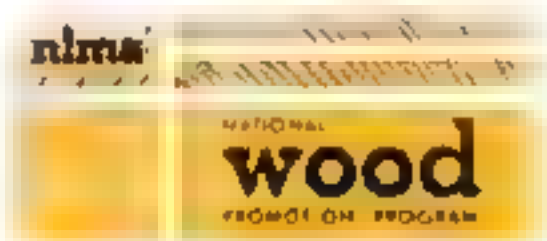
## at home with WOOD

resistant . . . impregnated to repel moisture and termites. New finishes make wood practically maintenance-free . . . new coatings make it virtually wear-proof . . . new applications take fullest advantage of wood's acoustical and insulational properties. New techniques of construction, proven through research, promise dramatic advances in the versatility and workability of wood. No one today can even guess the limits of wood's usability tomorrow.

*There's nothing in the world like wood for your home. Consult your architect, building contractor or lumber dealer for detailed reasons why. And write for your free copy of the colorful new 20-page booklet, "Livability Unlimited." Mail a postcard to WOOD, P.O. Box 1816, Washington 13, D. C.*

NATIONAL LUMBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION

*Live, Work, Build  
Better with Wood*



ENVIRONMENT FOR LEARNING is ideally provided in modern schools of wood. Their friendly, home-like atmosphere makes young minds more receptive. One-story design combines economy with safety.







## Dorothy the Librarian

Dr. Dorothy Dodd, state librarian, has urged all public libraries in Florida to withdraw from circulation the following books: Uncle Wiggly, Tom Swift, Tarzan, the Bobbsey Twins, the Wizard of Oz, Horatio Alger, the Campfire Girls, the Hardy Boys, and others of the ilk. Dr. Dodd says these books are "poorly written, untrue to life, sensational, foolishly sentimental and consequently unwholesome for the children in your community."

Most Florida librarians, we are sorry to hear, seem ready to follow Dr. Dodd's recommendation. But children, nostalgic parents, editors and the vocal public have been having a field day of protest. Even Governor LeRoy Collins, who does not take a stand on every issue of the day, came out four-square in favor of freedom of choice for young readers, especially Alger readers. A grocery clerk as a boy, the governor declared, "I kind of grew up on Horatio Alger, and I hate to see him put out of business."

We have no wish to defend the literary quality of these attic classics; but Dr. Dodd's reasons for removing them are so tiresome and spurious that we must line up with the governor. They stem from that recurrent fad for teaching kids to "adapt to reality" by shunning fantasy. The same fad produced that wave of "here and now" children's books in which nothing happens except what happens every day, from alarm clock to applesauce (so why read?). The fad reached some kind of climax when Dr. Brock Chisholm, the eminent Canadian psychiatrist, declared that in the atomic age it is wrong to teach children to believe in Santa Claus on the ground that they will refuse to "think realistically" when they grow up.

As W. H. Auden put it, "I find such people . . . so unsympathetic and peculiar that I do not know how to argue with them." But let's state one argument just for the record. "Untrue to life" is the worst possible excuse for withholding a book from children. They know a lot more about what's true and untrue than parents do. Myth is truth, sentiment is truth, sensationalism is truth, giants, witches, magic carpets, cowardly lions, and the inventions of Tom Swift are all true and necessary parts of a healthy imaginative life. Adults who have lost touch with these truths are poorer for it. Let them not impose their prudish poverty on the next generation.

There slipped quietly into the congressional hopper last week a bill which deserves long, loud and public debate. We hope it survives this debate and in some form becomes law. Its sponsors, Representatives Herlong of Florida and Judd of Minnesota, are trying to close a gap—larger than any missile gap—in the range of weapons with which we are fighting the cold war.

The gap lies between our military preparedness at one end and our conventional diplomacy at the other. On this wide and surging central front we presently deploy a few smidgens of propaganda, economic aid and covert intelligence activities. To the Communists, on the other hand, this is the most important front of all. Throughout it, and in depth, they deploy all those techniques of political warfare, both overt and covert, which are the day-and-night work of the world's Communist parties and which were known to Lenin, their inventor, as "the organizational weapon."

This weapon, with and without the help of military threats, is chiefly responsible for all the gains the Communists have made since World War II. It becomes more potent with their rising capacity for economic, technical and cultural exports. Neither the Red army nor straight Marxist propaganda, with all their power, could alone have created student riots in Venezuela, frustrated the parliamentary system of Italy, won an election in the most literate state in India (Kerala), retained key footholds in the British and American labor movements, ridden the street whirlwinds of Baghdad to the edge of power, dazzled the opening mind of Africa, or poisoned strategic corners of press and university opinion from Paris to Tokyo. These are *organizational* successes, the fruit of long and rigorous training of dedicated individuals in a conspiratorial technique.

Lies and terror, as well as bribery and argument, are parts of this technique. But that is not the reason the free world has failed to counter it. Apathy and ignorance are the reasons. Given the will, the Communist political war can be countered by open and ethical methods which will uphold the values as well as the institutions of freedom.

The Herlong-Judd bill attempts to focus and organize this potential counteraction. It sets up what is tentatively called a Freedom Academy but what is really a West Point of political war. To selected candidates from the U.S. and all free countries, it would offer intensive courses in Communist political techniques and how to reverse or resist them. A graduate—whether American oil man, Indian peasant leader, African nationalist, Mexican labor boss, Japanese mayor or Indonesian bookseller—would be thus better equipped to meet the Communists, technique for technique and argument for argument, on his home ground. It sounds

like a tall order. It is. The Soviets have scores of academies for training Communists in this operational science. They are way ahead of us. But the makings of a counter-science exist.

Among the first on our academy's faculty, for example, could be some U.S. and British labor leaders, who, since Marx and Lenin made unions a prime Communist target area, are veterans of many years of front-line Communist-fighting. In a recent *New Leader*, John Herling describes Mikoyan's recent lunch with Walter Reuther, James Carey and other U.S. union leaders and quotes the irritated Soviet deputy as saying: "The American trade union leaders are more antagonistic toward the Soviet Union than were the American capitalists whom I have met." To which Reuther replied that they understand the Communists better.

A similar sophistication is not beyond our grasp in other target institutions which need defending. A national academy would at least be cheaper and quicker than the very dear school kept by experience.

The Herlong-Judd proposals were not just dreamed up overnight. The gap in our armor has been long evident. The chief spark plugs behind the present bill, four dedicated young citizens of Florida, have been working at their plan since 1952. Besides an academy they propose a commission to act as a source of public intelligence on the political war, and to develop other forms of counteraction, both public and private, which are now neglected.

It will be objected that "counteraction" is too negative and static a concept for the cause of freedom. But it is surely not a negative act to collect and disseminate what knowledge we have about political infighting. Moreover, while diversity of belief is a hallmark of free man, a closer knowledge of their common enemy is bound to result in wider areas of free agreement and more constructive policies to promote freedom.

The Communist challenge does not confine itself to conventional arenas. As one good textbook puts it (Philip Selznick's *Organizational Weapon*), it tries to make *all* our institutions political and fights not only at the top but "everywhere in the social structure, wherever an increment of power can be squeezed from control of an institution or a portion of it." The big problem in meeting this total challenge is to avoid innocence on the one hand and hysteria on the other. An official academy would be the best guardian of a cool perspective. Thus the debate on the Herlong-Judd bill should certainly not divide the country along partisan or liberal-conservative lines; men of every political color except one can unite behind this proposal. It should be supported by all who take the Communist threat as seriously as the Communists intend it.





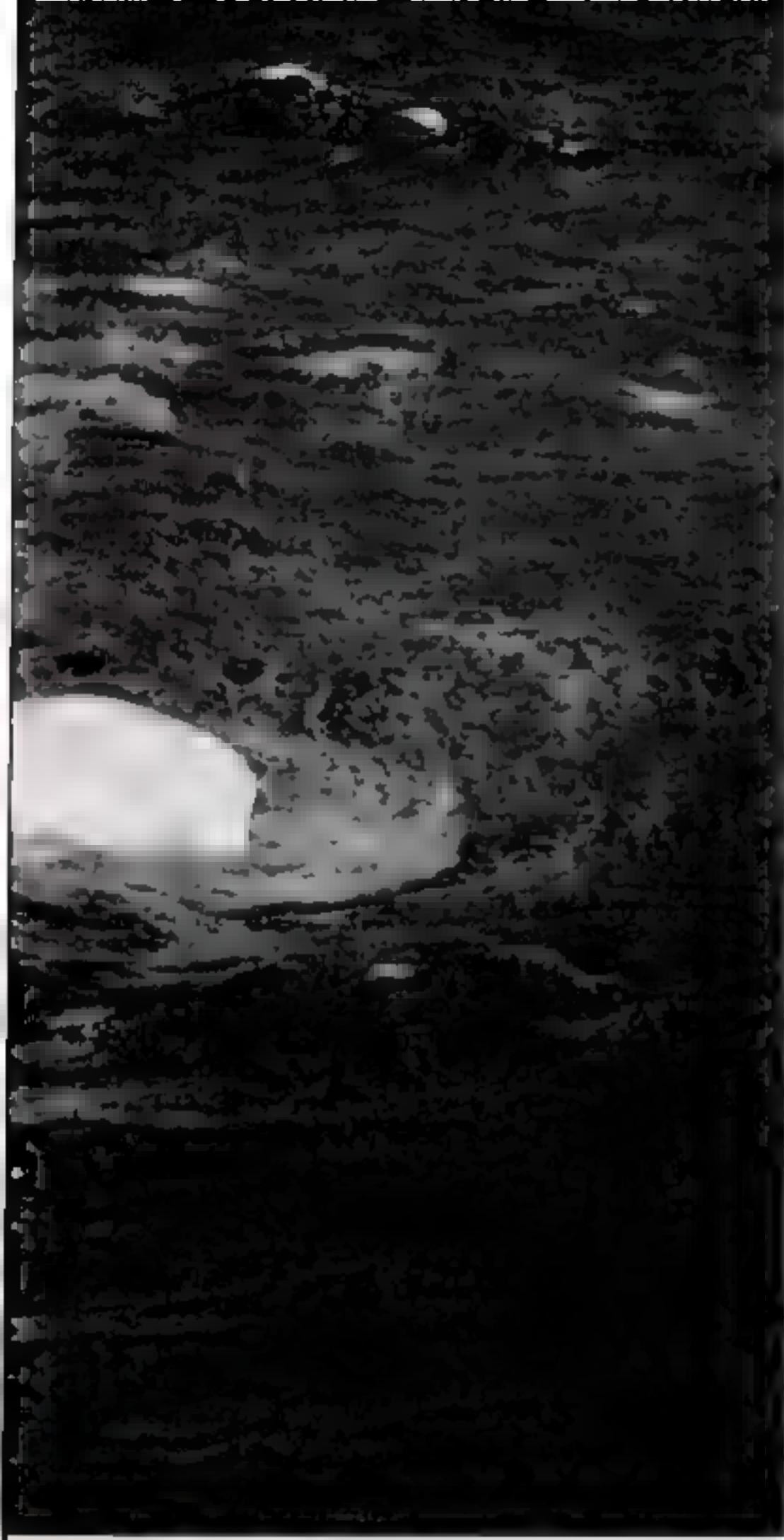
**FLOATING PERIL**, an iceberg more than 300 feet long, hove the surface, is sighted from plane looking

for the *Hedtoft*. This area off Greenland is known to seamen as the place "where the bergs are born."

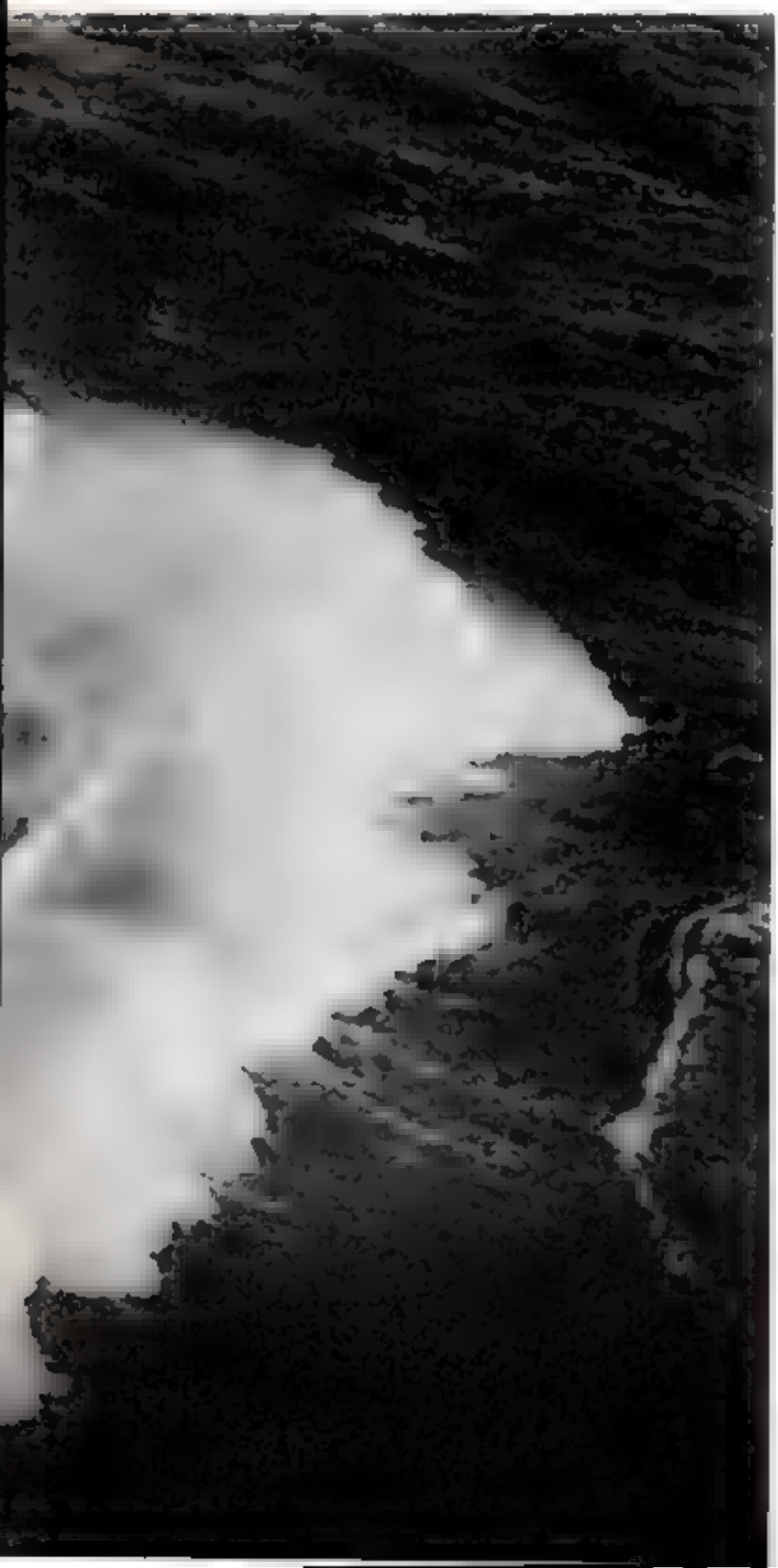
**FIGHTING THE STORM**, U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Campbell* lunges into a sea. Waves were running







20 feet long in search area and floating ice forced search ships to withdraw during hours of darkness



RELATIVES AND FRIENDS CROWDED COPENHAGEN DOCK JAN. 7 TO WAVE "HEDTOFT" OFF ON FIRST TRIP

# ARCTIC SEA'S CRUEL KILLER

## Ice sinks 'unsinkable' Danish ship and all aboard

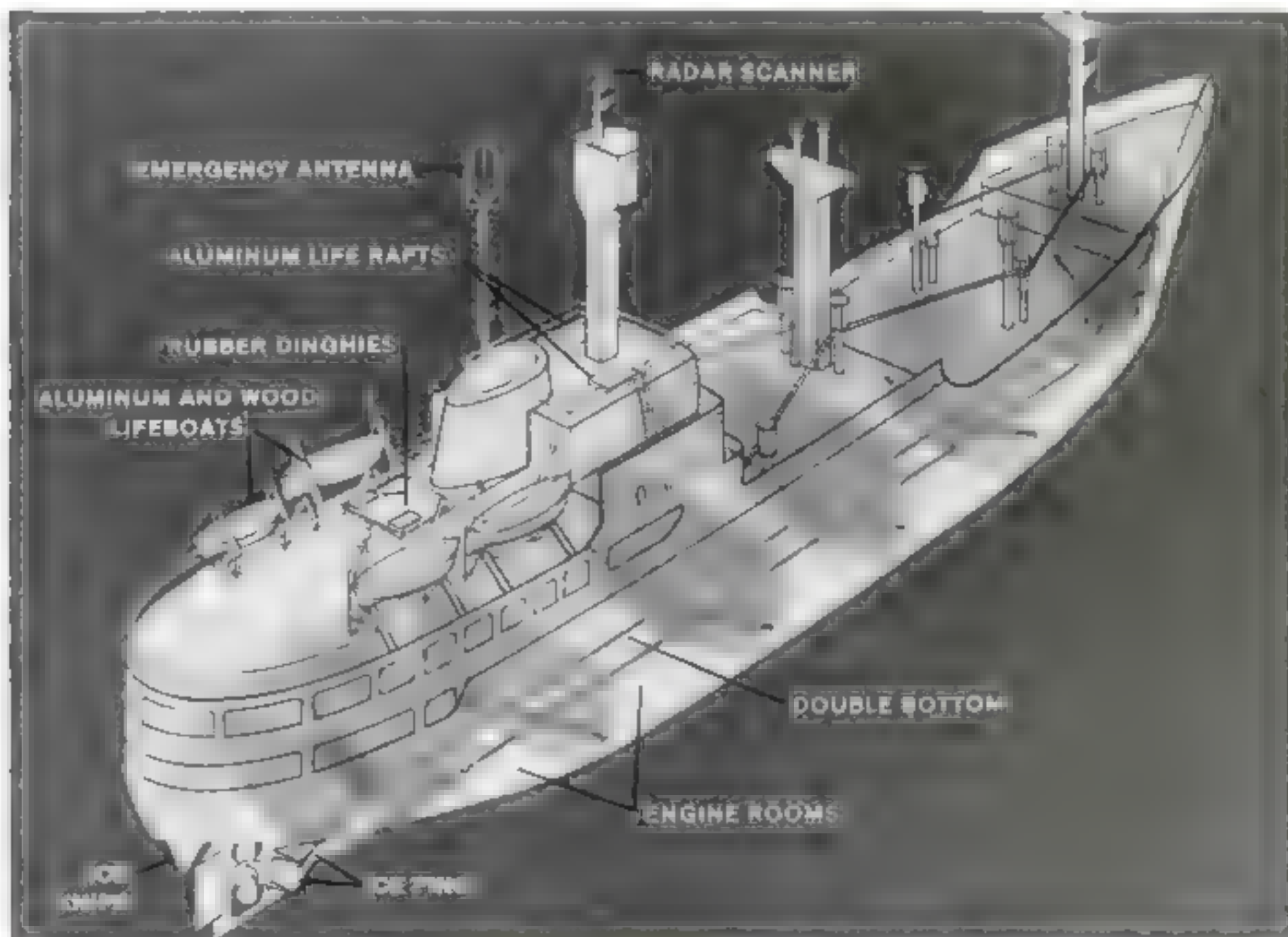
Only brave men and stout ships dare the winter seas off Greenland in the roaring 60s of latitude. Fifty-knot gales drive waves masthead high and great fangs of ice, torn from glaciers, gnash at a ship's steel plates. A man in the water can hope for about 60 seconds to live.

The new ship *Hedtoft* was built for just this perilous service with an "unsinkable" hull (below) and all the latest radar equipment. When she sailed from Copenhagen last month on her maiden voyage, her veteran master predicted she would "revolutionize" Arctic navigation by making the winter passage safer.

The *Hedtoft* made her outbound landfalls in Greenland, sailed for home with 55 passengers

and 40 crew. Then, from out of a storm off Cape Farewell, came an unbelievable radio call, "collision with iceberg." Four hours and five minutes later, while rescue vessels converged, *Hedtoft* radioed "*Vi synker nu*" (we are sinking now) and was not heard again. Though planes and ships scoured the storm through eight days, nothing was seen but a barrel, possibly from *Hedtoft*'s deck cargo.

The *Hedtoft*'s epitaph had already been written by one of her doomed passengers, Augo Lyng (next page). Fearing the midwinter passage, knowing "there is no rescue to expect" for a ship in trouble, he had told his son, "This will be changed but it will take an accident."



**SAFETY FEATURES** of the *Hedtoft* are shown in drawing. Bulkheads divided hull into nine watertight compartments. Skin plating was extra heavy. Bow and stern were armored against ice. Propeller

was guarded by ice-cutting devices. Despite protection, *Hedtoft*'s engine rooms were flooded. Deckhouse contained radar, a gyro compass, electronic navigator, radios, sonar to detect objects like bergs.





**MARINER AND MANAGER** met for the first time when Hans director Hans Christensen (right) picked up the ship's log. Later, Captain Rasmussen (left) kept the ship near Hsloft road.



**FATHER AND SON**, student John Lyng (top, left) and Arge Lyng, Greenland men for parliament, were together in Copenhagen before father made fatal voyage. John (below) recalls father's fears.



**SORROWFUL REVERIE** keeps Pastor Olav Lundsgaard a moment in Copenhagen, in 1930, after prayer.

*Hedtoft*, Ship model lying in Danish church's sanctuary, in some tradition, life's perilous voyage.





Famous Lake Como with the Alps in the distance

Italy is only minutes away when Chef is on your shelf.

A few pennies—a few minutes—and Chef Ravioli is ready for anything from kids' lunch to a quick supper. Tender macaroni pies, plump with tasty, nourishing beef, in a rich meat-tomato sauce.

All with the subtle touch of true Italian cookery. Only about 15¢ a serving. Try Chef Cheese Ravioli, too.

**CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Ravioli**



Also available  
in Canada.





# RELAXATION TIME U.S.A.

THE RESTFUL HOUR OF MIND'S EASE,  
AND THE SENSIBLE ENJOYMENT OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE, SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN





SAY Seagram's AND BE SURE



Shadows lengthen, and the din of a hurried day subsides. The earth rolls slowly into a contented hour of cherished pastimes and reflections, and of well-earned pleasures richly shared with friends. It is the slowly-savored hour when Americans relax and then enjoy a drink or two of Seagram's 7 Crown, the most famous whiskey the world has ever known.

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.  
SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.





OUTSIDE UNFINISHED MONTMARTRE HOTEL, SISTERS DOLLY AND PEGGY NESTOR RUN THROUGH AUDITION FOR DANCING CHORUS OF HOTEL'S NIGHTCLUB

# A Chorine Crowd in Miami



## BIG CALL FOR DANCERS CREATES A PRETTY FIX

Even before the movers bring in the lobby furniture and solarium sun lamps, Miami Beach hotel builders send out a call for chorus girls to get their shows in rehearsal. The demand from big hotels, which feel they have to have shows for the tourists, plus the needs of nightclubs, have given Miami Beach the heaviest concentration of chorines east of Las Vegas.

The shows the girls are dancing in are the most garish productions their designers can stage (*following pages*). For those vacationers who look for less adornment there are 22 strip shows in town, and for those who want belly laughs there are a few working comedies. For a lot of tired businessmen in for a rest, this looked like the town's best season. "The orange juice is good and the beaches aren't so bad either," one said. "But the girls have never looked better."

← **LEGGY LINEUP** of show girls from Latin Quarter and Ziegfeld Follies take the sun during a break in rehearsals.





**DANCING UNDER THEIR IMAGES** reflected in the ceiling, show girls of the Miami Beach Latin Quarter swirl through "Stratospheric Holiday" number

opening club's two-hour show. Eight of troupe's dancers are from New York Latin Quarter to which entire production will be moved when season ends in Florida.

CONTINUED





**HOPPING TO JUNGLE BEAT**, dancers in Hotel Lucerna's *Havana Mania* *Crux* revue go through voodoo act as their headresses brush tiny clubs ceiling.

**WITH HOBBY HORSES**, 12 chorines at Casino Hotel's Club Siam circle-circu- mented aluminum Maypole in big production number of *Ziegfeld Follies* of 1936.







**FLOUNCING FLAUNTINGLY.** Shelby Young (left) fills in Lynn Vincour (right) on new dance routine for *French Dressing* show backstage at Carillon Hotel.

Lynn, 18, missed regular rehearsal because she was taking final exam at University of Miami where she carries a full schedule as a freshman art student.





Gordon's Gin comes to you with the best of references . . . Traditional drink recipe books name Gordon's as the original base of many of the world's classic gin drinks. For over 189 years, Gordon's has been recognized as the gin essential to any authentically fine gin creation. Gordon's Gin—first distilled in 1769 according to Gordon's Original English Recipe—is still traditionally distilled for perfect flavor. *There's no Gin like*

**GORDON'S GIN**

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## MIAMI SHOW GIRLS CONTINUED



**FINGERS SNAPPING**, Mara Lynn parodies hit pop-singer Peggy Lee for revue at the Americana Hotel.



**ARMS UNFOLDING**, Ballet Florence and Frederic dances Oriental number at Eden Roc's Cafe Pompeii.



**MOUTHS AGAPE**, three terrified teen-age film fans face Dracula (Leslie Sanford) in satire on horror movies from the Americana show *A Rag, A Bone*





and 4 Ponytail Letters over doors are for skit in which actors impersonate famous entertainers. ABC represent TV network names except third from left.

Gordon's Vodka  
never overshadows  
your favorite flavor!



When Gordon's Vodka gets together with your favorite mixer in a drink...you taste only the mixer! That's because Gordon's Vodka is uniquely distilled to an absolutely neutral quality. Mixes so subtly with any flavor—you never know it's there! (Nor does anybody else.)

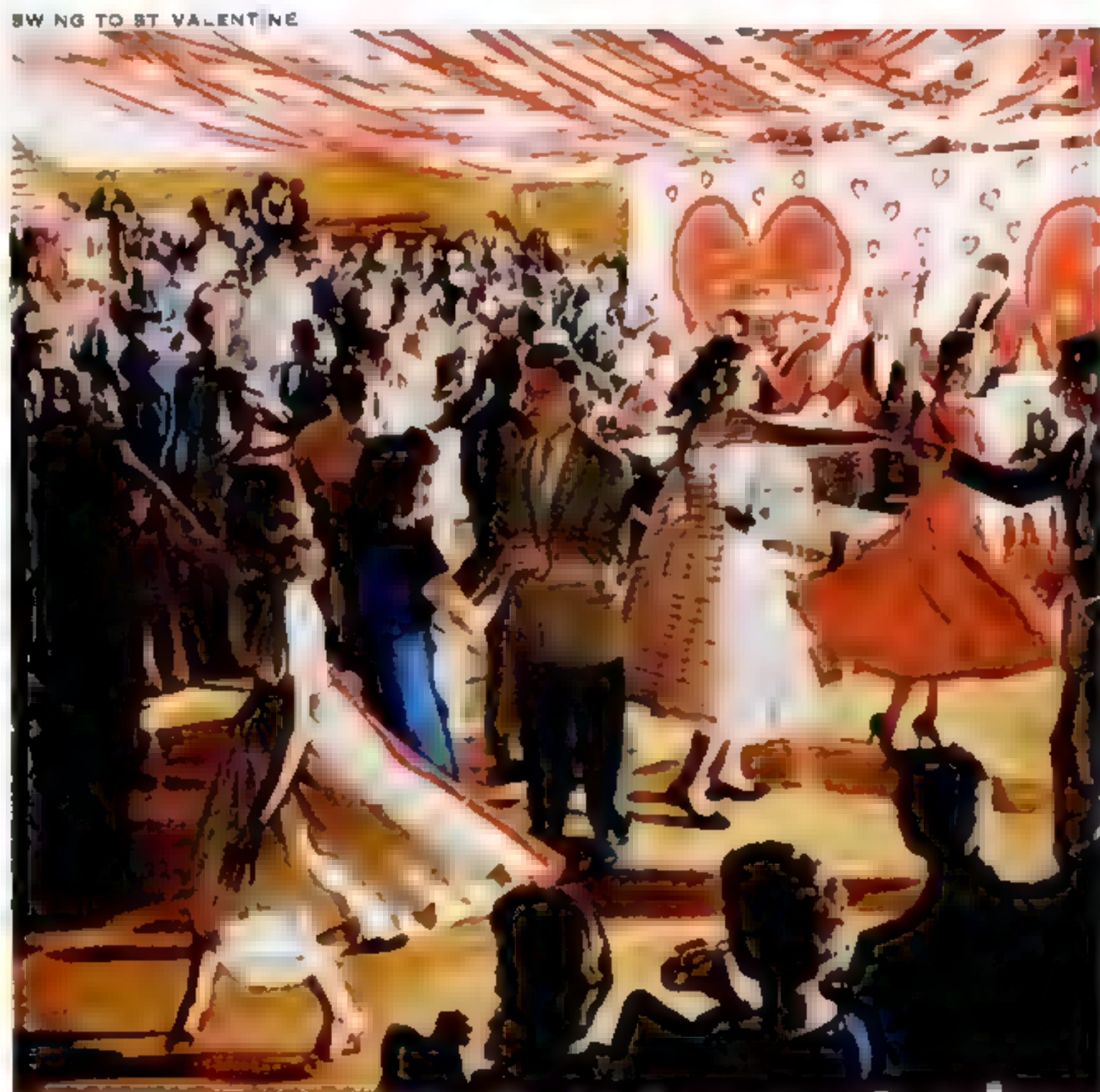
**GORDON'S  
VODKA**

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GEORGE WASHINGTON HAS A BIRTHDAY



SWING TO ST. VALENTINE



## AMERICA PAUSES for PARTY TIME

The February thaw!

It melts the ice . . . it thins the snow . . .

it perks the winter-weary spirit . . .

It makes the world throw off its heavy overcoat . . .

and pause for a party,

From Old New Orleans balconies . . .

drift streams of Mardi Gras confetti.

Down ski lodge slopes . . .

college students schuss and slalom.

In high school gyms . . .

St. Valentine is swingfully saluted . . .

Around the cherry cake . . . cardboard

hatchets hail the Father of Our Country.

Even way out on the dude ranch trail,

the thirsty cactus knows

it's time for a party, too.



DUDE RANCH PARTY ON THE TRAIL





OLD NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS PARTY


Everywhere that people pause . . . Coke plays its happy role. Coca-Cola . . . with the cold crisp taste, the lively lilt that makes any pause anywhere . . .

# The Pause that Refreshes



AFTER THE SKI RUN - COKE AND FUN



A close-up, black and white photograph of a woman with short, wavy blonde hair. She is looking down, her face partially in shadow, as if she is reading a book. The lighting highlights the texture of her hair and the contours of her face.

Does she  
or  
doesn't she?

## Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

She can even make homework seem like fun! He'll remember *that* always, just as he'll always recall the silky touch of her hair and the way the color seemed to shimmer with light! And *that's* what's so wonderful about Miss Clairol Hair Color Bath. It leaves the hair lively, lovely, singing with fresh, sparkling color and yet the effect is *always* soft, ladylike, completely natural-looking!

That's why hairdressers everywhere recommend Miss Clairol, use it *every* time to add lasting color to fading hair...and to cover gray. Just think how rewarding it is to stay young for one's self and one's family. Then ask yourself why *you, too*, shouldn't know the joy of looking younger, prettier right away. It takes only minutes! So try Miss Clairol yourself. Today. In wonderful new Creme Formula or Regular.

**MISS CLAIROL®** HAIR COLOR BATH®

MORE WOMEN USE MISS CLAIROL THAN ANY OTHER HAIRCOLORING

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## CLOSE-UP



GESTURING constantly with his hands, Harvardman ('42) David Susskind tells why he stays in TV while complaining about it.

*"I'm an intellectual who cares about television. There are some good things on it, tiny atolls in the oceans of junk. . . . You get mad at what you really care about—like your wife. I'm mad at TV because I really love it and it's lousy. It's a very beautiful woman who looks abominable. The only way to fix it is to clean out the pack who are running it and put in some brainy guys."*

# Egghead Show-Biz Whiz

**W**HAT I'm always looking for in show business," says 38-year-old David Susskind, "is showmanship, scope and excitement." But in show business, and particularly on television, he finds these qualities in sadly short supply. In a typically Susskind way, he plunged into TV himself, to straighten things out.

A fast-talking and highly opinionated intellectual, Susskind sees no conflict between culture and commercial success, nor any reason for mass entertainment to be a morass of mediocrity. "A western or two can be fine," he says, "but 32 a week is awful." He helped found Talent Associates in New York and since then has picked the plays, cast the actors, produced the movie, *Edge of the City*, and some of the finest shows on TV—notably *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, *Member of the*

*Wedding* and *The Winslow Boy*. On the legitimate stage last week he was the proud producer of Broadway's new hit *Rashomon*. Next night, back on TV, his production of J. M. Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows* was a 90-minute delight. And every Sunday in New York, Susskind himself moderates the *Open End* show, which has become TV's best sounding board for the town's articulate eggheads.

Like every other producer Susskind is convinced that his next show will be his best. Last fall he induced Sir Laurence Olivier to make his American television debut in a dramatization of Somerset Maugham's novel *The Moon and Sixpence*. Susskind is waiting for sponsors with \$500,000 to pay for its showing. "Unless everything's gone crazy," he says, "they should be standing in line."





AT REHEARSAL of TV show, Susskind, with Actress Siohhan McKenna (left), considers a happy combination of actors and play.

AT BROADWAY opening of *Rashomon* (below), Susskind lifts veil of Actress Claire Bloom's Oriental hat to see her Japanese make-up.



WHILE TV critic Jack Gould has make-up applied, Susskind and NBC ex-president Pat Weaver talk with him before appearing on *Open End* show.

"These two guests were old TV hands, but most of the people I try to get on *Open End* are the brainy ones and they seldom watch TV anymore. When I call to invite them they seem to think I'm soliciting for some charity or other."

"Good actors should never get into lousy shows. Real pros can do these jobs so well. With them there's no temperament, no stupid ego, no kooky self-indulgence. This is a warm old show that starts in Scotland and somehow I've got a bunch of Irishmen playing in it."

"Tonight before the performance I went over to the theater to soothe ruffled feelings. The one in the cast who needs loving most is the one I take out to dinner. Around a Broadway show, the producer is the only one never allowed to lose his temper."







# Live better **IN A MODERN HOME OF WEST COAST LUMBER!**



"Look, mama . . . daddy!" Another big event in little lives ties in with the family fun of relaxing on the patio . . . of a new, up-to-date home. When you've made a new home your first budget consideration, you've made the first step toward a solid investment. When you build with lumber, you know you'll have a beautiful, enduring home with the warmth and friendliness only wood can give.

Use dependable West Coast lumber for the new home you're planning. It adapts perfectly to your site, to the architectural style you have in mind.

When you reach the point where dreams merge into action, visit your retail lumber dealer or local builder. He'll be glad to help you get started on *your* new home.

Send today  for this beautiful 4-color booklet. It's **FREE!**

**DOUGLAS FIR  
WEST COAST HEMLOCK  
WESTERN RED CEDAR  
SITKA SPRUCE**

*West  
Coast  
Lumber*

*From the Pacific slopes of the great Northwest*



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Please send me your **FREE** booklet "How You Can Own A New Home" which shows actual color photographs of outstanding homes, together with important facts on the financing of a new home.

Name   
Address   
City  Zone  State





For framing! Four colorful fruit pictures like this (each different). Send label from any variety of Kraft Jellies or Preserves to Kraft, Box 782, Chicago 77, Ill., with 25¢ in coin to cover mailing. Void where restricted.

All summer long they drank in the sweetness of sun and earth and rain. Then, with our secret "cool-cooking" method, we captured for you the full fresh flavor of these glorious grapes. And we send it to your table labeled Kraft Grape Jelly.

One of these winter mornings, open this jar of summer...

**It's fresh-fruit good!**



In Canada, too!





HEARING *Rashomon*'s reviews, Arthur Cantor (left) and Talent Associates' President Al Levy watch Susskind react.

"First thing the Times called it a 'perfectly imagined microcosm'! Nobody would go to that. Then it said 'pure art of the theater' and I knew we had a hit."



ON TV set Susskind hears a last-minute suggestion from his script editor, 25-year-old Audrey Gellen.

"It would be impossible to get all these shows on without a great staff. And really bright women have instincts about the theater that men can't touch."

CONTINUED

## Look Ahead!... FOR A COOL RETREAT FROM THE HEAT



### Insist on General Motors Air Conditioning when you buy your new GM car!

Make your plans now . . . and be prepared for warm weather. Order Harrison Air Conditioning for your new GM car. As days get longer and hotter, the extra hours you spend driving will seem shorter and so much more comfortable with Harrison Air Conditioning. A flip of the switch sends cool, refreshing air to every corner of your car. Heat and excess humidity—wind, dirt and road noise are locked out. In addition, you'll enjoy wonderful new relief from pollen. This quality GM product is available in the thrifty "under the dash" Cool-Pack for the new Chevrolets, Pontiacs and most Chevrolet trucks. Harrison's Custom "under the hood" system is available on all '59 General Motors cars. Ask your quality GM dealer to demonstrate Harrison Air Conditioning.

• Compressor by Frigidaire

GM cool air by the carload.  
**HARRISON**  
AUTOMOTIVE AIR CONDITIONING

AVAILABLE AT YOUR  
GENERAL MOTORS DEALER



HARRISON RADIATOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, LOCKPORT, NEW YORK  
AUTOMOTIVE RADIATORS • OIL COOLERS • THERMOSTATS • AIR CONDITIONERS • HEATERS • DEFROSTERS



# Which one is the Dromedary Gingerbread?



**Not this!**  
Pale color means  
pale taste!

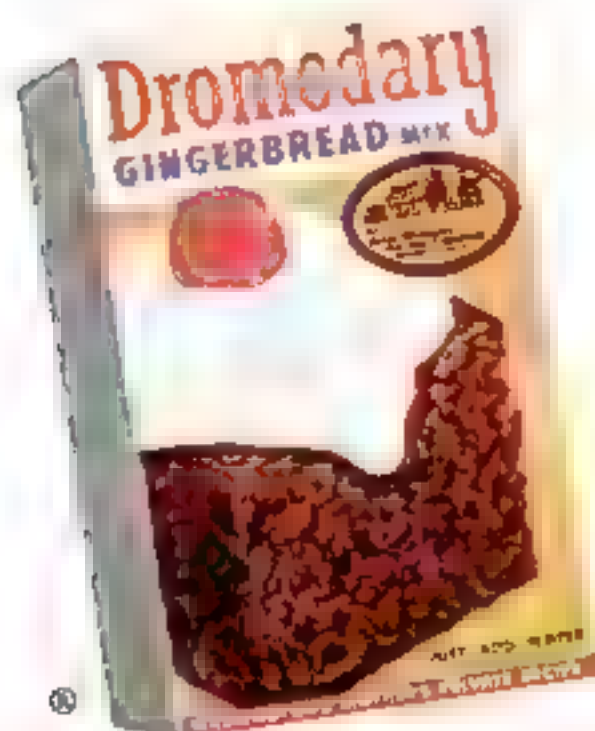
This gingerbread was baked with another mix. If you like a bland appearance and mild flavor, this is the kind of gingerbread for you—but it won't satisfy a *real* gingerbread appetite.

Compare the Color! Compare the Texture!  
Compare the Taste!



**This is the real,  
dark, hearty  
gingerbread**  
that you get *only* from  
Dromedary. It's loaded with  
golden-brown molasses  
and tangy Jamaica ginger  
for that *true*, old-fashioned  
gingerbread taste. Real  
gingerbread texture, too!

**Only Dromedary Mix gives you  
real old-time gingerbread taste!**



One quick glance tells you which is the *real* gingerbread. Dromedary's darker, richer color means deeper, heartier flavor. And only Dromedary Gingerbread gives you such old-fashioned goodness with just one minute's mixing time.

**P.S.**

Delight your family with  
**DROMEDARY POUND CAKE**  
It's got that real homemade taste no  
"store boughts" can match. Stays fresh  
longer than any other cake you can bake!



## SHOW-BIZ WHIZ CONTINUED



IN his large Manhattan apartment, Susskind spends a Sunday morning with his three children—two teen-age girls and 4-year-old Andrew who pretends to drive (*above*) and shave (*below*) while his father watches.

*"Television can both inform and instruct children, but now it's in an entertainment trance at the lowest possible level. Take my son Andy, now there's my secret weapon. He looks at television and he likes Zorro too, but he goes to the stores with his mother and tells the grocers they ought to look at Open End because I'm on it."*





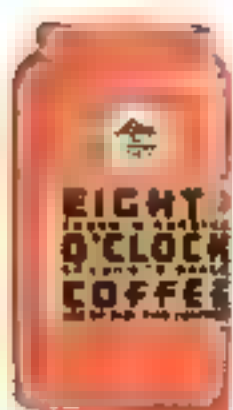


SERVE THE COFFEE THAT'S

*Alive*

WITH FLAVOR!

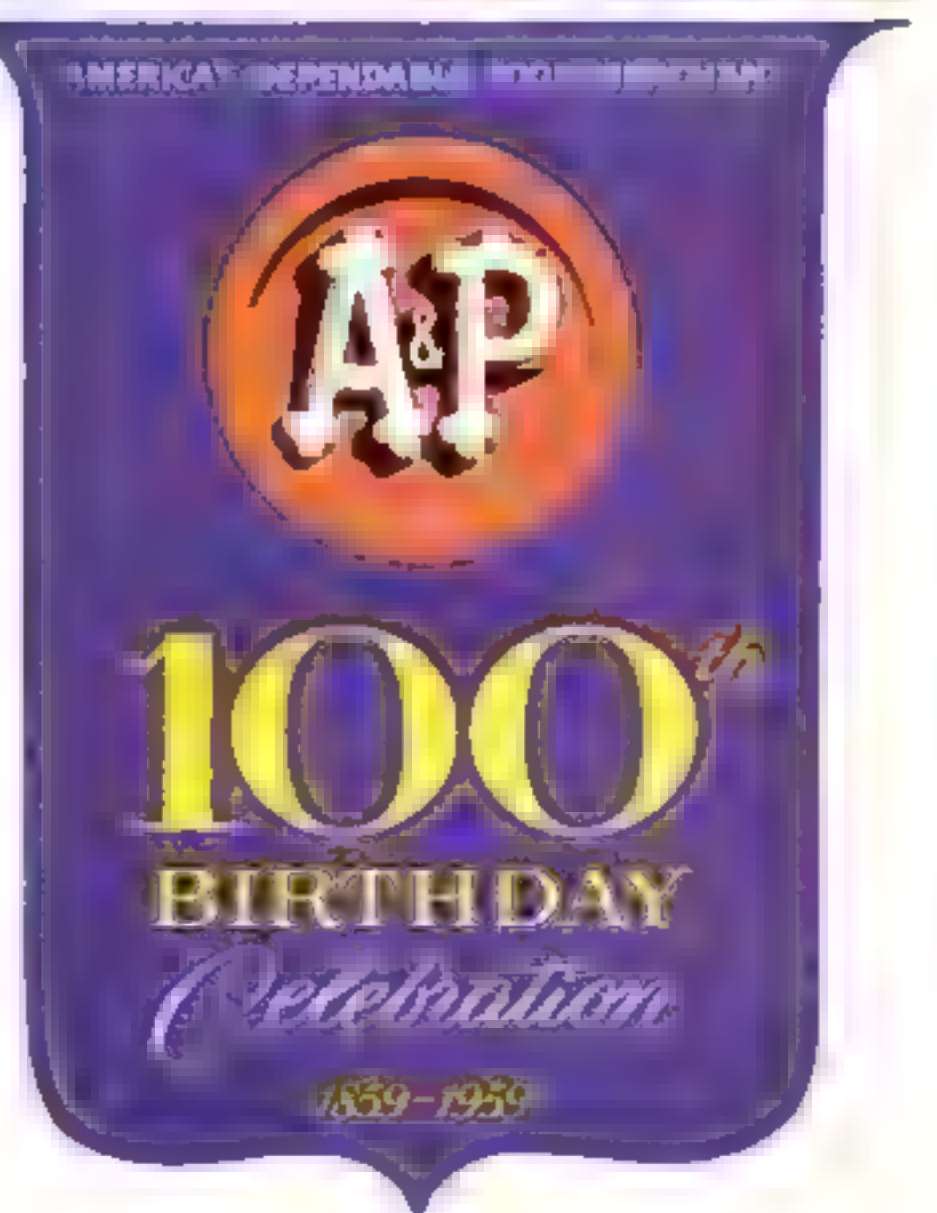
Nothing equals the homey fragrance, the old-fashioned heartiness of A&P Custom Ground Coffee. Here is coffee tailored to *your* pleasure. You have a choice of *three* distinctive blends, *seven* different grinds. You enjoy coffee the way *you* like it . . . "Alive with Flavor" every time. No wonder A&P *premium-quality* Coffee remains a family favorite generation after generation!



Mild & Mellow Rich & Full Bodied Vigorous & Winy

**A&P** *Custom Ground* **COFFEE**

EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P STORES





# So Young, So Fair, So Debonair



Today's trim, sociable moderns of every age know that the new light look is their greatest flatterer. Join this happy throng. Look smart. Stay young and fair and debonair. Be sociable. Have a Pepsi—the lighter Pepsi of today, reduced in calories.



PEPSI COLA the Light refreshment







**THE WINNER,** Gordie Howe, came out of the fight with a mouse under his left eye. His coach likes to see Howe get mad. He feels Gordie plays better that way.



**THE LOSER,** Lou Fontinato, ended up in heavy bandages after his nose was tapped back in shape. He is one of the most penalized players in the league.

## DON'T MESS AROUND WITH GORDIE

**Hockey's tough guy discovers that game's best player is a rough man in a fight**

Gordie Howe and Lou Fontinato are puck pushers by trade, not pugilists. But during a New York Rangers-Detroit Red Wings hockey game at Madison Square Garden last week they interrupted their stickwork for a brief, bloody battle and wound up—especially Fontinato—looking as if they'd just been through a tough ten-rounder.

The fight, which teammates called the fiercest in years, started when the Rangers' Fontinato, self-appointed tough guy of the league, was aroused by the rough treatment Howe was dishing out to one of Lou's teammates. He threw down his gloves and went for Gordie. "There was nothing I could do but fight," said Howe. For a full minute the two whaled away

behind the cage. The officials left them alone as the game stopped and fellow players gathered to watch. "Howe's punches went whop-whop-whop," remarked a teammate, "just like someone chopping wood."

When the two players were finally separated, it was more than clear that Howe had gotten the best of things. Lou was bloodied and his nose was broken for the fifth time in his hot-tempered career. In the hospital, after the nose was hammered back into shape, he was still full of fight. "Howe needn't think he's Jack Dempsey just because he put me here," Howe, who is the best all-round player in hockey, paid no attention to the taunt. "I come to play hockey," he remarked muddily, "not to fight."



# Quick Relief for COLD SUFFERERS

1. STANBACK relieves simple headaches, neuralgia and pains due to head colds... eases anxiety and tension usually accompanying pain.
2. As a gargle, STANBACK relieves throat discomforts due to colds.
3. STANBACK reduces fever, relieves pain and sore aching muscles that accompany colds.
4. Relieves discomforts of tired, sore, aching muscles due to overwork, unusual exercise.

Snap Back with



## HOCKEY FIGHT CONTINUED



IN MIDST OF BATTLE Howe (left) batters doubled-over Lou as referee and teammates look on. Later Howe

described fight: "He was coming like a madman. It took me a while to get the gloves off and then things were busy."

**NOW!**  
ON YOUR DEALERS  
SHELVES

super results  
every time with  
these three  
nationally famous  
spray paints!

When you purchase one of the three brands shown you are assured professional results. You create daily surprises for your family and friends. A complete job at your fingertips - suitable for use inside or out on almost any surface.

Manufactured by  
**Sargent-Gerke**  
PRODUCERS OF QUALITY PAINT  
PRODUCTS SINCE 1895  
Indianapolis, Indiana



FINALLY SEPARATED, bleeding Fontinato (left) is restrained by referee and other players. Both men received

major penalties, then later returned to the game. Aroused, Howe scored two goals but his team lost the game, 5 to 4.





Light and mild as a cigarette



mellow and satisfying as a cigar



the best of both rolled into one.



America's favorite Change-of-Pace smoke!





**HARD-PLAYING HOWE** (right) is one of the game's great experts at legal roughhouse. Here in a former game his stiff elbow in a rival player's back forces

a cornered referee to leap for safety. The leading scorer of the past decade, Howe has been in only half a dozen fights, but he has won them all decisively.

**HURRY...SAVE 88¢ DURING DR. WEST'S**

**"Throw away your old toothbrush"**

**SALE**



**BUY 2...  
GET ONE  
FREE!**

**SAVE  
69¢**



Look for these displays on your local drug counter

**2 CHILD'S BRUSHES ONLY 59¢**



**SAVE  
19¢**



2 out of 3 toothbrushes in use in American homes are no longer effective brushing instruments. Take a look at *your* toothbrush. If the bristles are bent, broken or matted, why not save money and get new toothbrushes *now*. Save 88¢ today while you get your whole family new Dr. West's "Germ-Fighters," the toothbrushes that won't pass along germs! Shaped right with the best bristles to clean better . . . **Buy Now at Your Favorite Toiletry Counter!**

**NEW DR. WEST'S "Germ-Fighter" BRAND TOOTHBRUSH**



On the right track for **ENERGY**



**Post Alpha-Bits—the new power-packed oat cereal—provides the whole family with a generous supply of protein and an energetic boost at breakfast.**

The fun shape of Alpha-Bits is only part of this terrific breakfast cereal. The *real* attraction of Post Alpha-Bits is the zip and enthusiasm your whole family gets after

eating them. Made of *oats*, these tasty morsels give you high-quality cereal protein . . . a charge of quick energy. You can start lovin' them tomorrow A.M.!

"ALL POST CEREALS HAPPEN TO BE JUST A LITTLE BIT BETTER"



The Breakfast Foods  
of General Foods





**CONTRAST** of red suit and its own hot pink blouse (Ben Zuckerman, \$265) is emphasized by a sign on Route 22 warning of new construction.

**MONOTONE** of pastel lavender coat (Ben Zuckerman, \$215) and hat (Mr. John) climbs among multicolor pipes of Esso Standard Oil refinery.

# HUE IS CRY FOR SPRING

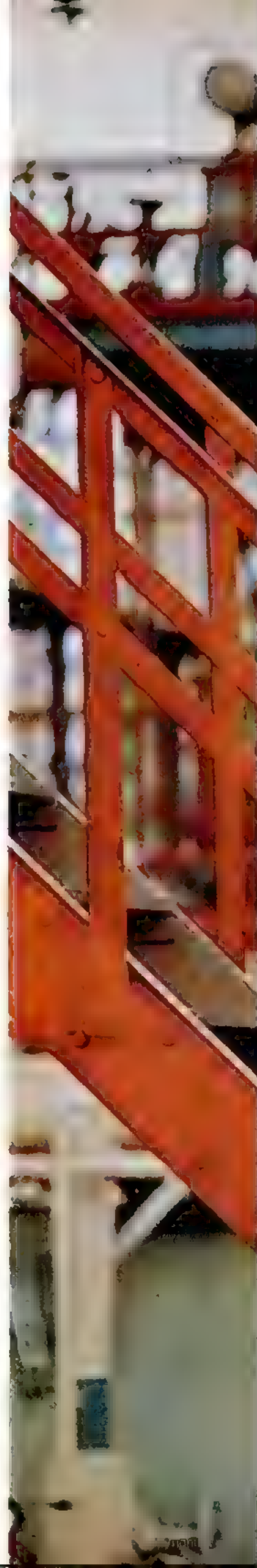
## SEASON'S NEW STYLES MATCH INDUSTRY SHAPES AND COLOR

Pink oil drums, lavender standpipes and chartreuse girders, painted partly for utility but mostly for decoration, have become a familiar aspect of the American industrial landscape. This spring they have a curious counterpart in the clothes of America's top fashion designers, the boldest and most colorful in years. These fanciful photographs show the bright styles in a gaudy but utilitarian setting—the factories and refineries of northern New Jersey.

The spring suits and coats are not only brilliant

themselves but are often worn with sharply contrasting blouses, or with hats in surprising colors. Such subdued shades as black or white are done in giant checks or dots. The shape of the spring clothes has also changed. For the first time in a decade some shoulders are wider than the natural line, an effect gained by stiffening layers of fabric. The uniformly straight street skirt is now joined by a fuller version, again often stiffened. And one useful innovation, the short-sleeve coat, can double as a dress.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY HOWELL CONANT











**ROUND** coat is worn astride velvet hats for pants and bottoms at Bayerische Barre and Dryden Co. The long, pocketed coat (A) is worn with a matching, peaked coat of bright yellow (B) and



**CURVY** coat is Montecarlo & Pruzan (\$200) shown beside red coat that supports an Easter egg sphere. It has a wide skirt with low pockets and short sleeves. The coat can also be worn as dress.





**SQUARE** pattern goes well with a painted checkerboard check, the Louise Rad or pumpkin at the Newark airport. So it has wide shoulders and a pleated skirt stiffened with petticoats (\$8.95 to \$100).



**ANGULAR** coat is straight-hanging outfit in bright green wool, perched on steel framework of store being built for "Two Guys from Harrison." The coat by Seast (\$8.99) has short sleeves, a stiffened yoke





**PASTEL** for day is a double breasted suit (Tigere, \$265) with fringe sash at the waist. It stands on ladder near delicately colored tanks at Devue and Reynolds' Newark paint factory.

**PATTERN** for evening is a dress and coat of silver-dollar-size polka dots (Seasat, \$725). Shown on Newark Airport runway, dress has low neckline, high waist. Coat has deep cape collar.







Get satisfying flavor...  
So friendly to your taste!

NO DRY  
"SMOKED-OUT"  
TASTE!

NO FLAT  
"FILTERED-OUT"  
FLAVOR!

**See how** Pall Mall's famous length of  
fine tobacco travels and gentles the smoke  
—makes it mild—but does not filter  
out that satisfying flavor!

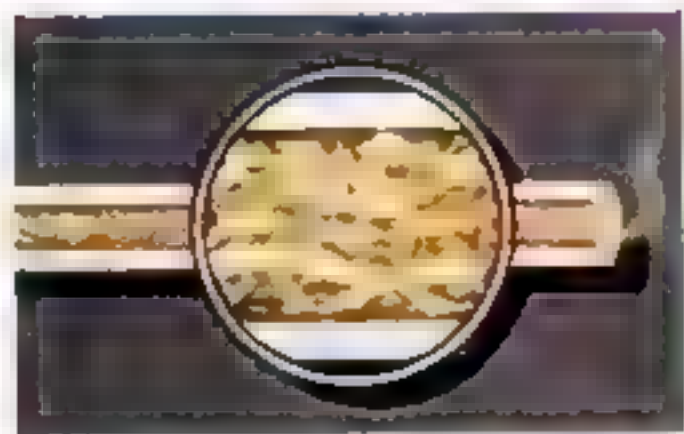


**HERE'S WHY SMOKE**

**1** You get Pall Mall's famous  
length of the finest tobaccos  
money can buy.

Outstanding... and they are Mild!





**"TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST**

- 2** Palt Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .
- 3** Travels it over, under, around and through Palt Mall's fine tobaccos!



SEVEN-UP SKATES RINGS AROUND THIRST...GIVES YOU A

quick, refreshing lift!



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Nothing does it like Seven-Up

It's not just a question of staying on your feet—it's a question of keeping on your toes. For that, you want 7-Up! One bottle gives you brand-new energy in just two to six minutes! Seven-Up is the sparkling drink that helps *you* sparkle. Isn't that what you want to do? "FRESH UP" WITH SEVEN-UP



# The Spell of Scott Fitzgerald Grows Stronger



**ZELDA FITZGERALD**, lovely wife of Scott, is shown here when she was a belle of Montgomery, Ala. before her marriage in 1920.

The literary magic of Scott Fitzgerald has long cast a spell over the readers of his brilliant jazz-age stories. But this winter the story of his own life, which unfolds like one of his own dazzling and doom-ridden plots, has come up for special attention.

A Broadway success, *The Disenchanted* (below) by Budd Schulberg and Harvey Breit, is based loosely on Fitzgerald's struggle to become a Hollywood film writer in the late 1930s—a period also covered in Sheila Graham's current autobiographical best-seller, *Beloved Infidel*. As the play shows, Fitzgerald was beset by alcoholism and troubled by a beautiful and volatile wife. (She died finally in a mental institution.) Worn down by a hectic life, Fitzgerald had managed to overcome alcoholism and settle down to work when he died of a heart attack in 1940 at the age of 44.

A very different aspect of Fitzgerald—as a schoolboy and as a devoted father—is provided by his daughter Frances, who, for the first time, has made available for LIFE some of his unpublished writings and letters (next pages).



**SCOTT FITZGERALD**, handsome and already successful in his 20s, had won fame with his first book, *This Side of Paradise*.



**FITZGERALD ON BROADWAY** in *The Disenchanted* is portrayed as a writer near the end of his career. He is played by Jason Roberts Jr.

who protests fondly and futilely when his high-strung wife (Rosemary Harris) interrupts his work by showing him her too expensive new hat.



# Letters and Family Keepsakes

After Fitzgerald's wife became too ill to look after their only child, Frances (always called "Scottie"), Fitzgerald took on his paternal duties with high seriousness. While Scottie was at school, he bombarded her with stern but loving letters, excerpts from which are shown below. Today his daughter, who is wife of a Washington lawyer, keeps copies of these letters among other family mementos, shows them to her four children in the attic of her new home.

IT was fine seeing you, and I liked you a lot (this is aside from loving you which I always do). You are nicer, to adults—you are emerging from that rather difficult time in girls 12-15 usually.

WHY are you whining about such matters as study hall, etc., when you deliberately picked this school as the place you wanted to go above all places? Of course it is hard. Nothing any good isn't hard, and you know you have never been brought up soft, or are you quitting on me suddenly? Darling, you know I love you, and I expect you to live up absolutely to what I laid out for you in the beginning.



FATHER'S GIFT, a fan he gave to Zelda, is shown by Scottie to her daughter Cecilia.

THERE is no question of your dropping mathematics and taking the easiest way to go into Vassar. . . . I want you to take physics and I want you to take chemistry. . . . You are an only child, but that doesn't give you any right to impose on that fact. *I want you to know certain basic scientific principles* . . .

WHERE on earth did you get that preconception that I think of you as a scarlet woman? Hell, you're a romantic. But that's not in your



FATHERLY FITZGERALD LETS DAUGHTER "SCOTTIE," AGED 3, PRETEND SHE IS DRIVING IN ROME, 1924

disfavor. . . . I don't want you to do anything inappropriate to your age. For premature adventure one pays an atrocious price. . . . It's in the logic of life that no young person ever "gets away with anything." They fool their parents but not their contemporaries . . .



LEAD SOLDIERS given by Fitzgerald to daughter Scottie are admired by her son Jack.

YOU have got to devote the best and freshest part of your energies to things that will give you a happy and profitable life. There is no other time but now. . . . I hope you thought over my analysis as to how to deal with the neatness habit, and if for one week you put each thing away individually from the moment of touching it to the moment of its final disposal I think that you would lick it in a month . . .

COMMUNICATION having apparently ceased from your end I conclude you are in love. . . . There's an awful disease that overtakes popular girls at 19 or 20 called emotional bankruptcy.

ONCE when you spoke French as a child it was enchanting with your odd bits of knowledge—now your conversation is as commonplace as if you'd spent the last two years in the Corn Hollow High School . . . this letter is a declaration that I am no longer interested in your promissory notes but only in what I see.

YOU are the first woman on either side of your family to try for a higher education—though many of them have been well-read. If you get to know a little bit you will combine a great deal of latent power in yourself, and be able to live more fully and richly than the majority of pretty girls whose lives in America are lobsided, backward looking and wistful.

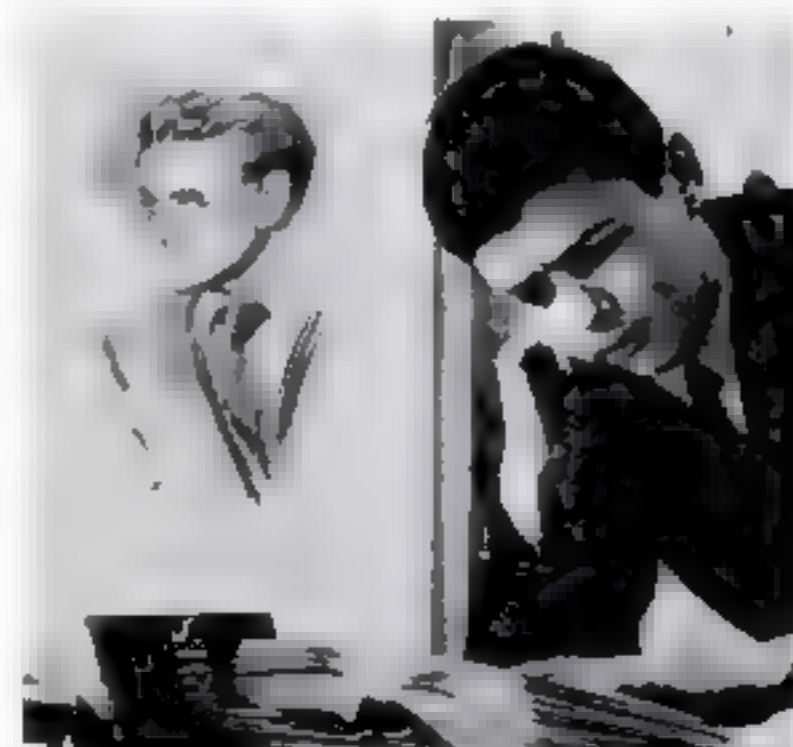
PLEASE do not leave good books half finished, you spoil them for yourself. You shouldn't have started "War and Peace" which is a man's book and may interest you later. Don't be so lavish as to ruin masterpieces for yourself. There are not enough of them!

I FORGOT to tell you that in the rain *don't depress the clutch—use the break only*. And on hills—go down in the gear in which you'd have come up.



LAMP SHADE painted by Zelda is examined by Scottie's oldest daughter, Eleanor Anne.

. . . AT the risk of being a bore I beg you once more to consider politics as being a religion, something that you can only discuss freely among those of the same general attitude as your own. With other people you will find yourself in intolerable arguments—friendships are being made and broken over questions of policy, a state of things which is liable to increase month by month. It is all white hot and the long pinchers of tact can be very useful.

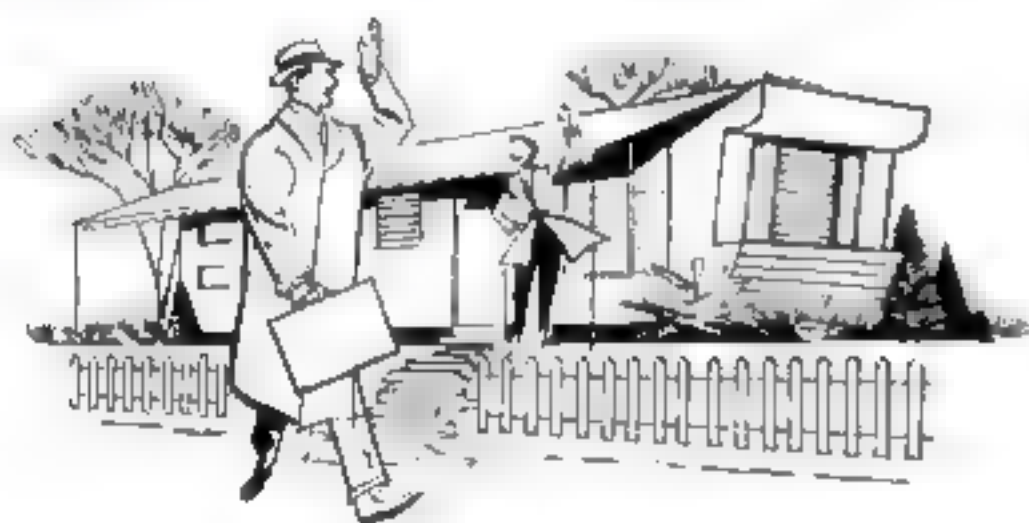


BOOKS by Fitzgerald, beside his portrait, are perused by his oldest grandson, Thomas.





A home that's all modern... all furnished... all your own!



## The Mobile Home

GIVES YOU ALL THIS RIGHT NOW —  
WITHOUT A BIG DEBT

**W**ITH A MOBILE HOME, you can start enjoying comfortable, up-to-date living in your own home now . . . this week. And without buying a stick of furniture! Here's why: the home plus complete furnishings and appliances for every room are *all* included in *one* easy-to-pay price. You may pay only \$75 a month or less. There's no heavy, long-term debt.

Today's mobile homes are even more modern than many ordinary homes. They have smart, decorator-styled furnishings, contemporary in design. A kitchen a woman can really be proud of—with a new large-capacity refrigerator,

built-in range and oven, twin sinks, formica counters, disposal. There's a complete bathroom with tub and shower. Automatic heat, air-conditioning, automatic washer-dryer, built-in TV if you choose.

More and more young couples, military and professional men, students, industrial and construction workers, and retired couples are moving into mobile homes. You can find dealers in your area in the classified ads of your newspapers or yellow pages of your phone book under "Mobile Homes," "Trailers-House," or "Trailers-Coach."

### ATTRACTIVE SUBURBAN LIFE

There are many new mobile home parks with beautiful landscaping, recreational facilities, even swimming pools. In these friendly communities, you have your own back yard for barbecues, sunbathing, gardening. Buy a mobile home now—have your tulips in bloom this spring!

### SEND FOR MHMA YEARBOOK!

Mobile Homes Manufacturers Assn., Dept. L29  
P.O. Box 1516, Chicago 90, Illinois

Please send *MOBILE LIFE*, with information on models of 75 manufacturers, mobile home parks and living. Enclosed is 25¢ to cover mailing and handling costs.

Name

Address

City  State

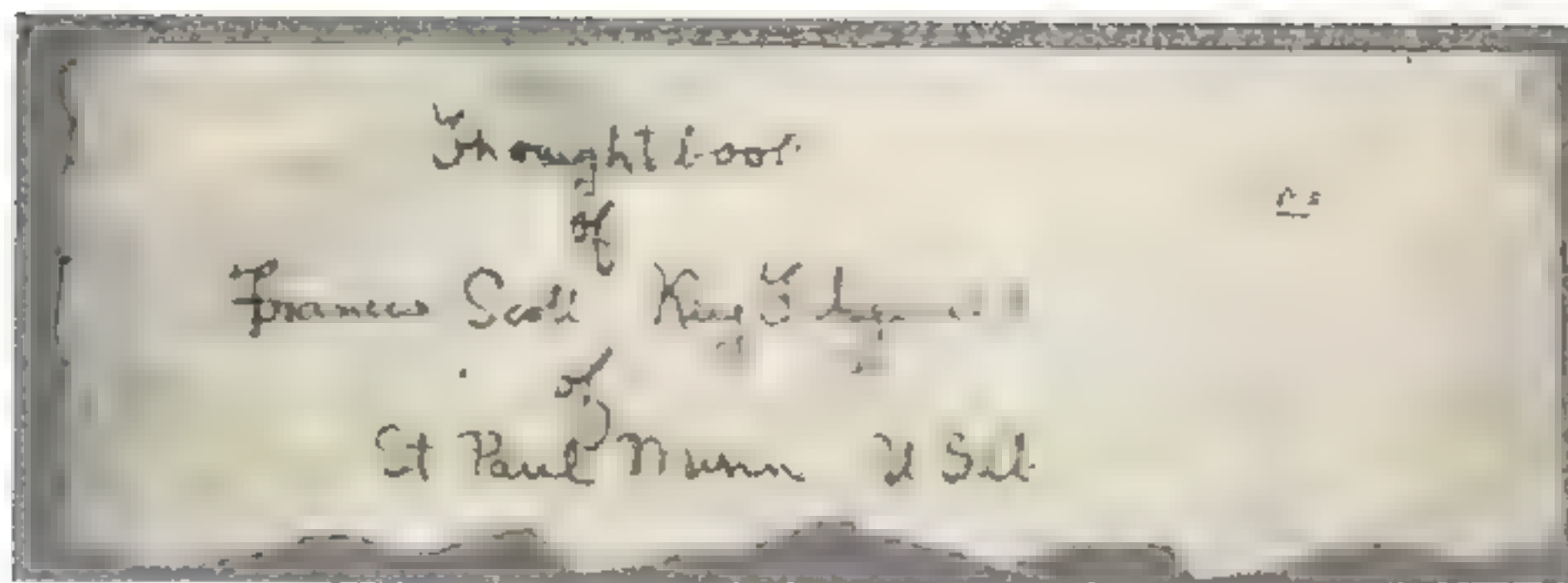


**Mobile Homes Manufacturers Assn.**

*Trailer Coach Association* OF THE WEST







TITLE PAGE of Fitzgerald's shows a well-formed handwriting. Scott was named after composer of the *Star-Spangled Banner*, a relative of his father's.

# His Boyhood Journal about His Girls

*These delightfully candid excerpts from a boyhood journal, printed here for the first time, were written by Fitzgerald in 1910 when he was 14 and living in Saint Paul, Minn. Even in these boyish outbursts Fitzgerald shows a talent for smooth-flowing, lively prose, a fine ear for conversation—and a bad eye for spelling and punctuation which lasted all his life.*

## My Girls

My recollections of Nancy are rather dim but one day stands out above the rest. The Gardeners had their Home three miles out of town and one day James Imham, Inky for short, my best friend, and I were invited out to spend the day. I was about nine years old, Nancy about eight and we were quite infatuated with each other. It was in the middle of the winter so as soon as we got there we began playing on the toboggan. Nancy and I and Inky were on one toboggan and Ham (Nancies big brother) came along and wanted to get on. He made a leap for the toboggan but I pushed off just in time and sent him on his head. He was awful mad. He said he'd kick me off and that it wasn't my toboggan and that I couldn't play. However Nancy smoothed it over and we went into lunch.

Kitty Williams is much plainer to my memory: I met her first at dancing school and as Mr. Van Arnum (our dancing teacher) chose me to lead the march I asked her to be my partner. The next day she told Marie Louty and Marie repeated it to Dorothy Knox who in turn passed it on to Earl, that I was third in her affections. . . . I then and there resolved that I would gain first place. As in the case of Nancy there was one day which was preeminent in my memory. I went in Honey Chilention's yard one morning where the kids usually congregated and beheld Kitty. We talked and talked and finally she asked me if I was going to Robin's party and it was there that my eventful day was. We played postoffice, pillow, clapping and clapp out and other foolish but interesting games. It was impossible to count the number of times I kissed Kitty that afternoon. At any rate when we went home I had secured the coveted 1st place. I held this until dancing school stopped in the spring and then relinquished it to Johnny Gowns a rival. On valentines day that year Kitty received no less than eighty four valentines. She sent me one which I have now as also one which Nancy gave me.

## Indians and Violet

Violet Stockton was a neice of Mrs. Finch and she spent a summer in Saint Paul. She was very pretty with dark brown hair and eyes, big and soft. She spoke with a soft southern accent leaving out the r's. She was a year older than

I but together with most of the other boys I liked her very much. I met her through Jack Mitchell who lived next door to her. He himself was very attached as was Art Foley and together they sneaked up behind her and cut off her hair that is a snip of it. We had a game we played called Indians which I made up. One side were the Indians who went off and hid somewhere. The cowboys then started off to find them and when the indians saw their chance they would jump out and take them by surpris. We were all armed with croquet mallets. There were about fifteen of us. . . .

Evry day for a month we played this and then we turned into truth. At that time I was more popular with girls than I ever have been before. . . .

However I am wandering from the Subject. Finally Violet had a party which was very nice and it was the day after this that we had the quarrel. She had some sort of a book called flirting by sighns and Jack and I got it away from Violet and showed it too all the boys. Violet got very mad and went into the house. I got very mad and therfor I went home. Imediatly Violet repented and called me up on the phone to see if I was mad. However I did not want to make up just then and so I slammed down the receiver. The next morning I went down to Jacks to find that Violet had said she was not coming out that day. It was now my turn to repent and I did so, and she came out. . . . Violet and I sat down on the hill back of Shultze's a little away from the others.



SCOTT AT 15 was still writing journal printed above while attending private school in New Jersey.

"Violet," I began, "Did you call me a brat."  
"No."

"Did you say that you wanted your ring and your picture and your hair back."

"No."

"Did you say that you hated me."

"Of course not, is that what you went home for."

"No, but Archie Mudge told me those things yesterday evening."

"He's a little scamp" said Violet Indignantly.

At this juncture Elenor Michell almost went into hysterics because Jack was teasing her, and Violet had to go home with her. That afternoon I spanked Archie Mudge and finished making up with Violet.

## Extract from My Diary

Didn't do much today but learned a few valuable things to wit

- 1) That I was a fool to make up with Violet—From Harriet Foster
- 2) That Violet wished she had my teeth—from Elenor Mitchell
- 3) That Violet said she wanted her ring as soon as she could get it—From Betty Mudge

THURSDAY AUG. 21

I learned two things from Betty Mudge

- 1) That Violet thought I was a flirt
- 2) That Violet did not like me half as well as she used to

MON. AUG. 25TH

I heard that Violet got mad at me because I got mad so easily from Wharton

That Kitty Shulizes bows were me and T. Daniels, from her.

Dorothy Green said that when I was dippy she liked Wharton Smith better but that usually she liked me better.

Harriet Foster said some sarcastic things as usual

SATURDAY AUG. 30

I just hate Violet

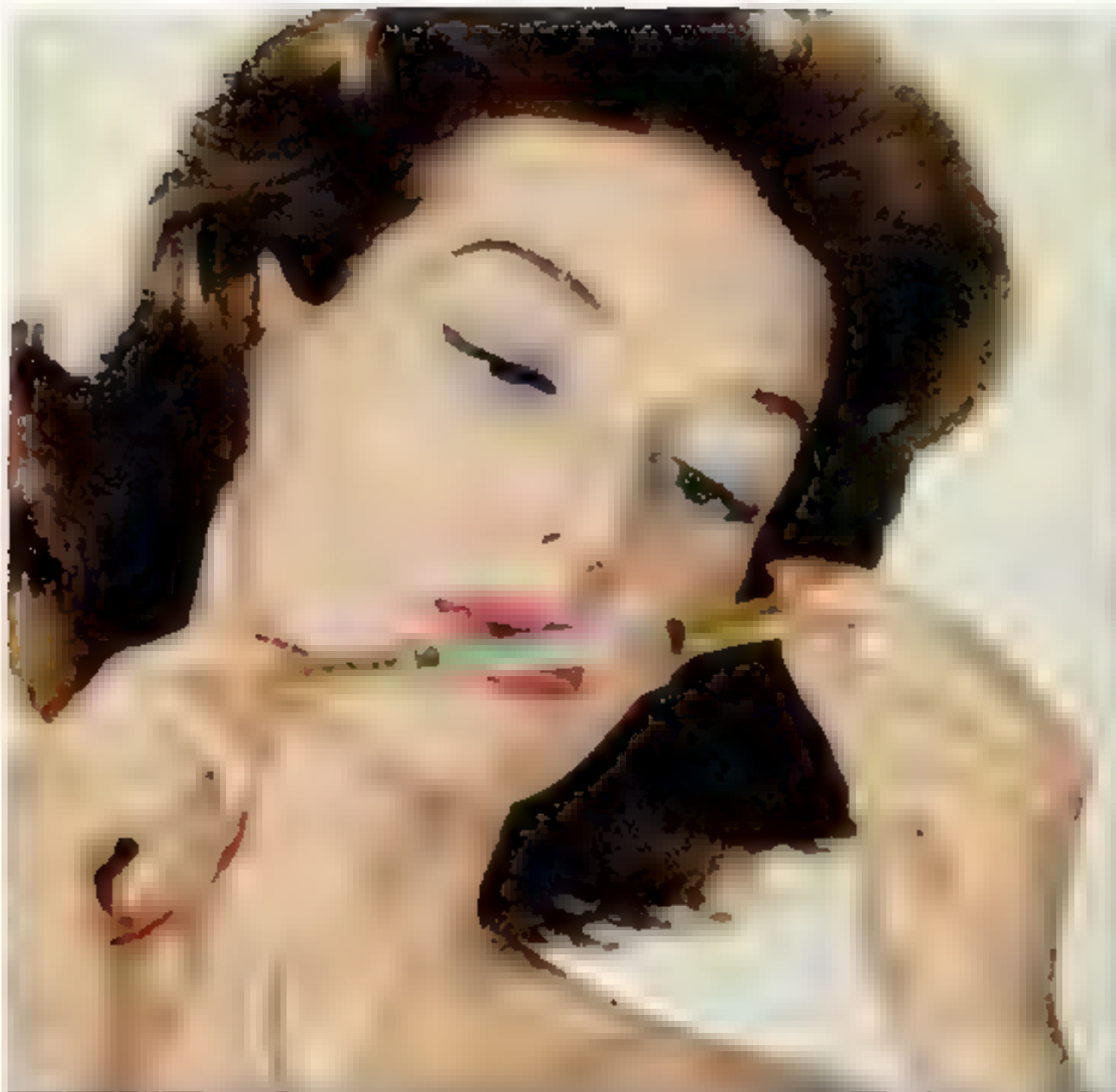
Jack Mitchell said that Violet's opinion of my character was that I was polite and had a nice disposition and that I thought I was the whole push and that I got mad too easily

SEPT. 29TH

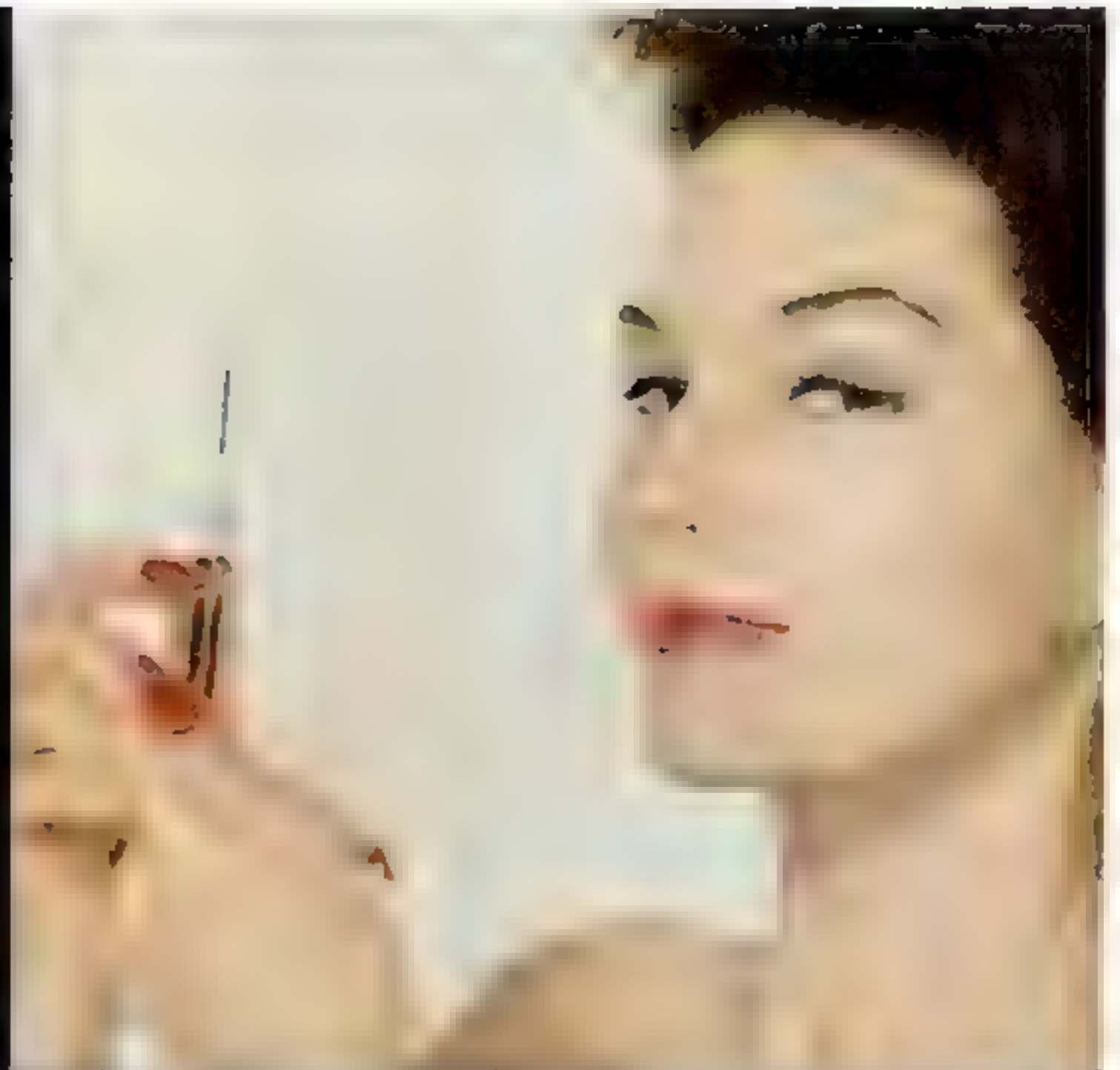
Not much has happened since Violet went away. The day she went away was my birthday and she gave me a box of candy. Her latest fancy is Arthur Foley. He has her ring. She wrote him a letter to ask him for his picture.

And that is the story of Violet Stockton.





After removing cap, slide down the exclusive push-pull plunger (mascara can't dry or cake on rod).



twirl upward along lashes. Slide plunger back and forth for heavier application...it re-coats without re-capping.



Twirls on in seconds because it's really automatic; colors, curls with an entirely self-coating applicator.



Lashes are gloriously colored and curled. Beauti-Lash is quick-drying, odorless. Blue, green, brown, black \$2. Refills \$1.

1st AUTOMATIC MASCARA WITH SELF-COATING APPLICATOR

# NEW! BEAUTI-LASH

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

FOR BEAUTY THE MODERN WAY Dorothy Gray





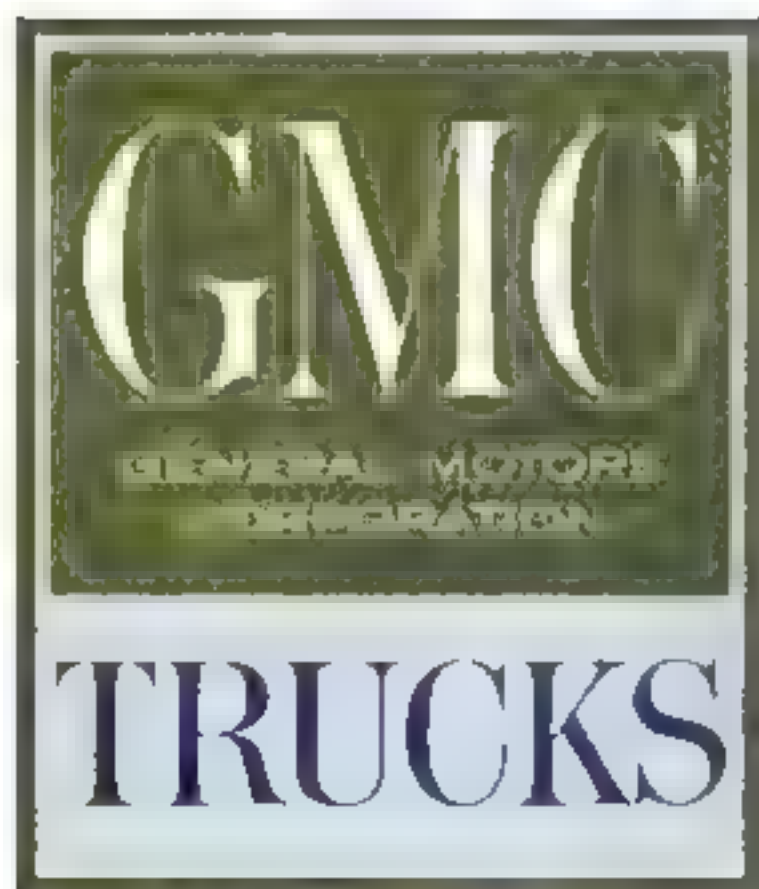
**GMC Operation "High Gear"** brings you the biggest dividend in trucks — a 40% increase in the new DFR800 — the lightest weight aluminum tanker in its class!



# GMC

is making truck history with

# OPERATION "HIGH GEAR"



From 1/2-ton to 45-ton...  
General Motors leads the way!

Coast-to-coast the reports are coming in—confirming again and again that the biggest design, engineering and quality-control program the industry has ever known is paying off with the finest trucks ever to roll off an assembly line.

Here are only a few of the reports from fleet owners, farmers and businessmen all over the country:

“We’re averaging over 16% more ready-mix per trip with our new GMCs. On 1000 cubic yard jobs we make 24 less trips.”

“My new Wide-Side is the classiest pickup in town, easy to drive, easy on the pocketbook, too.”

“Maintenance cost is the lowest of any truck we have operated.”

“With a GMC Truck, I never miss a delivery.”

NEVER has anything in trucking history had such far-reaching effects as Operation “High Gear”. It’s paying off in advances like the new GMC 48” all-aluminum tilt-cab models that haul 1,824 lbs. extra payload. It’s paying off in amazing new reliability and operating economies that mean bigger profits for truck owners everywhere. And there’s more on the way! Operation “High Gear” is accelerating every day. So before you buy any new truck—it will pay you to see your local GMC Dealer!

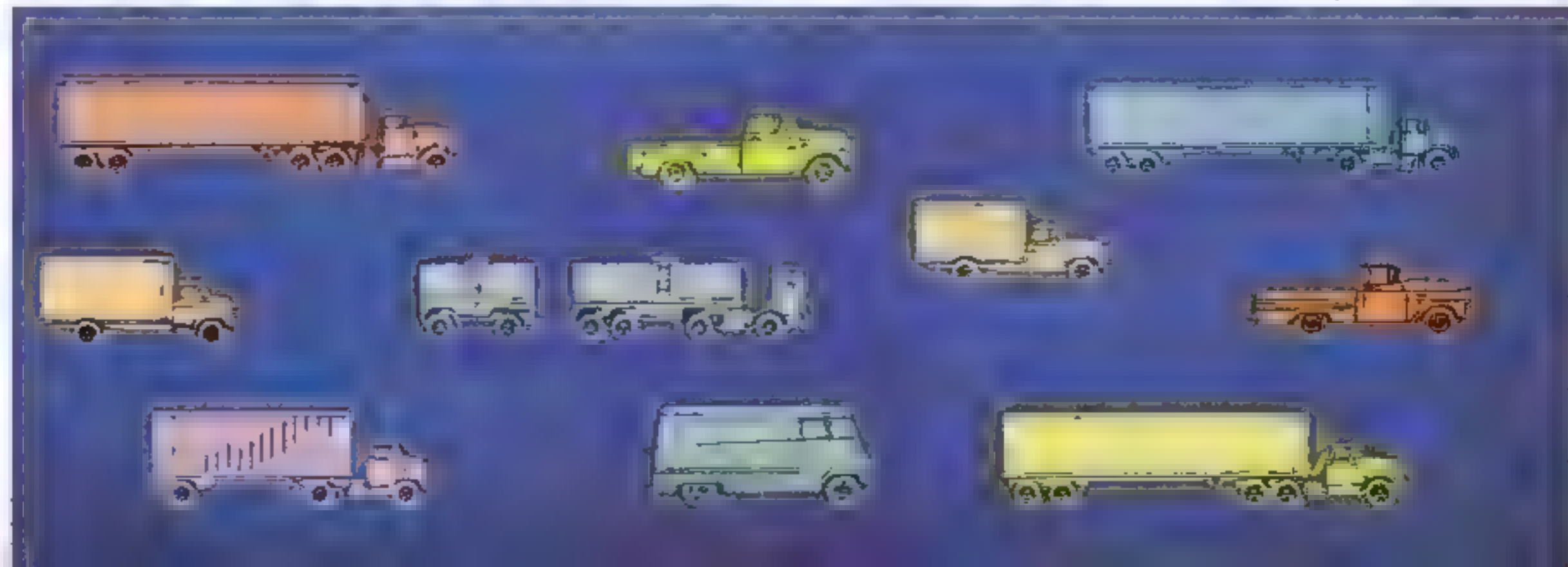
GMC Truck & Coach—a Division of General Motors.

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of the many big things  
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**DOLPHIN QUARTET** waits expectantly at pool's edge for fish, curved-back mouths making them look all smiles. These four were recently flown from Florida to California's Marineland in a 15-hour flight. They lost neither their dispositions nor their appetites on the trip. Shortly after arriving, they were romping about their pool, lining up for handouts.

# Clever Comics of the Sea

**DOLPHINS AND WHALES PUT ON GREAT SHOW OF BRAINS AND TRICKS**

The smartest, most playful and most engaging of all the creatures in the sea are the long-snouted, toothy mouthed mammals named bottle-nosed dolphins, popularly called porpoises. Although naturalists all the way back to Aristotle and Pliny have been charmed by their sportive behavior as they leap in and out of the waves off-shore, the dolphins today are getting the biggest audience of admirers they have ever had. They have become star performers at big aquariums in the U.S., willing to do almost any trick in return for a fish or a back-scratching or just some appreciative attention. They are the aquatic equivalent of the monkey

cage at the zoo—in fact, there is easily as much fun in a tankful of dolphins as in a barrel of monkeys.

The two main stages for the performers are provided by Marine Studios near St. Augustine, Fla., and by Marineland near Los Angeles, Calif. (which also has performing whales). These dolphins—not to be confused with the fish also called dolphin—are leathery-skinned, air-breathing and highly gregarious mammals. In captivity they are so quick to learn and apparently to understand that some naturalists rank them in many ways equal in intelligence to the great apes, like orangutans and chimps.





## *Private life under water of the prankish dolphins*

At Florida's Marine Studios, nine dolphins live together in a big 75-foot tank, and spend much of their time playing old games or working up new ones. They are always providing surprises. For a long time one dolphin named Priscilla was thought to be retarded because she did not jump for fish the way the others did. Then one day she tried a brand-new

**WARY** of strangers, dolphins school together and eye a new diver (Photographer Stackpole) who has come into the tank. Highly sensitive, they always draw close to one another in time of danger or stress.







stout—taking a swim with one of the tank's big turtles on her head. Now, almost tiny, Priscilla goes down to the tank bottom, nudges her turtle up and takes it for a ride.

The other dolphins have more lively games. They balance stones on their snout or fin, release pelican feathers in the jet of water coming into their tank and catch them again,

play with a diver's air hose, or tease the stolid groupers which lounge about the bottom. Most of all they like to toss a piece of shell or a rubber ring at spectators trying to instigate a game of catch. So eager are most of them to play this game that at night they come to their tank windows and peer out as if waiting for the people to come back again.

**CARRYING** her pet sea turtle on her head, Priscilla swims slowly about the tank, gently rising every few minutes to breathe. There are two quite similar turtles in tank but she always chooses same one.



**MISCHIEVOUS**, a Pacific striped dolphin, tugs at a diver's air hose. Sometimes two or more will join in the game until they become so entangled in the air lines that the diver is knocked off his feet.





CLEVER COMICS CONTINUED

## Professional stunts and games

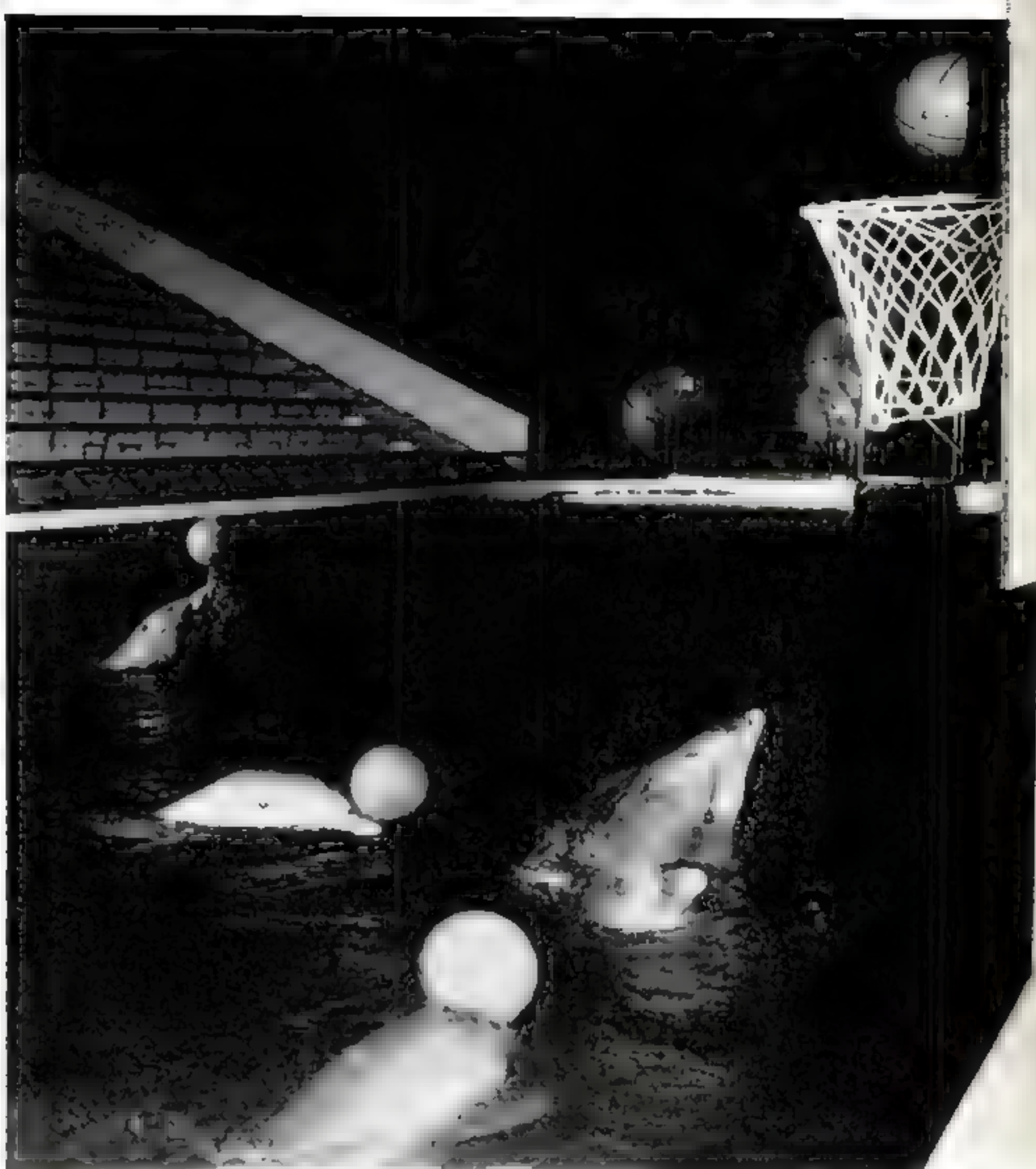


**LEAPING** to retrieve a ball on Nellie, Florida's Marine Stadium, star performer jumps 10 feet high in multiple exposure picture. To reach this height, she has to get a start at the far end of the tank.

**LYING IN WAIT**, a group of dolphins get ready to pounce for fish held above the water. One *10 ft center* has jumped, is falling back. To make this short leap a dolphin owes two powerful wags of its tail.



to amuse the public



**AT BASKETBALL,** Nelle in this multiple exposure dribbles a ball to the basket and shoots. She always liked to bounce balls off her nose. Her trainer rewarded her with a piece of fish when ever she made a basket until she learned that was what he wanted.

**TEASING** visitors seems to delight some dolphins. Above left, Nelle quietly pulls a handkerchief out of a spectator's pocket. She swam with it for five minutes before giving it up. At left, another dolphin returns a camera a girl dropped. Accustomed to returning props to attendants during performances, she handed back camera without any fuss.



# Smart whales that are getting into the act

At California's Marineland, near Los Angeles, dolphins share the spotlight with their cousins, pilot whales. They run about 15 feet long and weigh 2,500 pounds, 10 feet longer and half a ton heavier than their bottle-nosed kin. The first whale at California's Marineland was a young one called Bubbles, who came two years ago. Like many first babies in a new home, she was pampered, coddled and spoiled. When the divers came down to clean her tank she liked to nip their flippers (*right*) or play a game of you push-me-and-I'll-push-you. Her manners became pretty bad at feeding time for she learned that the more she shoved the quicker she got her squid.

About six months ago Bubbles swallowed one of her playthings, a rubber inner tube. For days she would not eat and lolled about her tank listlessly. Marineland officials desperately force-fed her quantities of mineral-oil-stuffed squid. Finally feeling she wouldn't last much longer, they went out and caught another female whale. But just as Bubbles seemed to be on her last gasp, she gave a tremendous burp and up came the tube. The new whale, Squirt, was introduced to Bubbles and instantly accepted as a companion. The two swam around their tank touching fins or playing games together. Both proved adept at tricks and enjoyed their twice-daily public shows.

A few weeks ago Marineland decided their two females were so well adjusted they should have a male companion. They brought in a 17-foot-long male. At first he sank to the bottom but then shakily came up for air. In a couple of days he was completely at home and began playfully nudging the females. There is every hope that in little over a year's time Marineland will be able to boast of the first baby whale ever born in captivity.



**NIPPING** at a flipper, Bubbles nips a diver. She also grabs their legs but does not chomp down with her jaws. However, when a squid is set, one of her squid she promptly crushed its shell



← **SQUIRTING** water, a guest gets showered by Squirt. She greets all her callers this way. But Bubbles (*right*) just waits open-mouthed and hopeful that her callers will have a piece of fish bandy.





**LAUNCHING** the new male whale into tank, the divers gently push him off his raft. At first the females were fearful, but in a few hours started fussing over him by jumping him square on his nose.

**NAPPING** in tank, the new whale rests vertically. He rises automatically every 20 seconds to breathe. Whales nap on and off day and night this way or by lying quietly on the water's surface.





# *This whale is happy—her eye has told us so*




**WITH SLIT EYE,** Bubbles peers at the world through one of the windows of her tank. When Bubbles open, her eye wide and

rolls it back and forth so the white shows, she is extremely angry. But when it is small and barely open, she is happy.





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# THE ONE-MAN GANG IS IN ACTION AGAIN

At 76 Sam Goldwyn conquers crisis after crisis to produce 'Porgy and Bess'

by LOUDON WAINWRIGHT, LIFE Staff Writer

VERY early one morning in Beverly Hills, as soon as Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn heard Mr. Goldwyn stirring in his bedroom, she ordered his breakfast of orange juice, hot milk and coffee sent upstairs. When the tray arrived, Mrs. Goldwyn entered the bedroom and gently told her husband the terrible news: a great fire had completely destroyed the sound stage which housed the set of Catfish Row and all the costumes for the Goldwyn movie of *Porgy and Bess*. The results of months of work were now blending darkly with the smog over Hollywood. Production would be delayed indefinitely. The loss was estimated at \$2.5 million.

Aquaintances of long standing say that in past decades similar news arriving on an empty Goldwyn stomach would have brought forth a really terrifying reaction. His opening question would surely have been a piercing "Who the hell did that to me?" But this time, according to his wife, Goldwyn did not bat an eye. He simply reached for his tray and asked, "Was anybody hurt?"

On reading Goldwyn's solicitous query in the papers next day, certain cynical observers of the Hollywood scene commented that Sam's generous calm probably stemmed from the fact that he was well insured. Others remarked, with some sadness, that it was a sure sign of the passage of time: at 76, Sam was getting mellow. Goldwyn himself later gave some indication of why he was able to face disaster so placidly: "Well, there's *always* a crisis. If it's not me, it's Israel."

By that Goldwyn meant to take nothing away from the significance of world affairs, of which he is an avid and worried student. But his statement was not entirely facetious. In Goldwyn's refreshingly unhumble view, personal and global problems are more or less on a par. When Goldwyn is making a picture, as he is now, little else in the world matters short of sweeping international disaster.

Sam Goldwyn in the act of making a Big Movie—a phenomenon which

this article describes—is a rare and wonderful thing to behold. With the death of Cecil B. DeMille last month, Goldwyn was left standing alone as the last of the great Hollywood moguls. His prolific film record began in 1913 when he collaborated with DeMille and Jesse Lasky on *The Squaw Man*, the first full-length feature ever made in Hollywood. But he is much more than just a surviving pioneer of the movie industry. He is a unique relic of a vanished species: the one-man gang. He takes all the risks, makes all the decisions and in every sense turns out *his* movie. When Goldwyn sets out to make a film, the shock tremors can be felt all over Hollywood, and there is an automatic guarantee of fanfare, superhuman difficulties, tumult and shouting. The story of Goldwyn's current production of *Porgy and Bess* amply fulfills all these. The great fire was only the most hideously visible of his many troubles.

Goldwyn was not entirely unshaken by the news of the fire last summer. He actually forgot the 30 minutes of strenuous setting-up exercises he does every weekday morning. But he did bathe and dress with his usual special care, and when he arrived at the studio and threaded his way through the fire hoses an hour later, he looked, in his rich brown jacket, gabardine trousers and pointed brown-and-white shoes, more like the owner of a winning horse than the landlord of a smoking ruin.

This was the morning that full-scale tests for *Porgy and Bess* were to have begun. As Goldwyn passed on the way to his office, morale was awash on the flooded company street. The costume designer was near hysteria. Gloomy clusters of cast members and technicians lowered their heads as the great producer walked by. Seeing the boss approach, Goldwyn's general manager, who had been on the scene since the first alarm, palely drew near to report. Goldwyn smiled. "What's new?" he asked.

Goldwyn did not personally survey the damage. That would have been asking too much, even for him. But he did go briskly to his office and,

CONTINUED



CHECKING PROGRESS on his newest movie, *Porgy and Bess*, Sam Goldwyn (standing) shows up at a script rehearsal to talk with Director Otto Preminger

and main members of the cast. From left are Sidney Poitier (*Porgy*), Preminger, Pearl Bailey (*Maria*), Sammy Davis Jr. (*Sporting Life*), Dorothy Dandridge (*Bess*).



# Who is "the most happy fella" AFTER A LOSS?



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DISASTER in form of huge fire left the main *Porgy* set a shambles last July completely destroyed all costumes. Production was delayed for two months.

## GOLDWYN CONTINUED

from there, take full charge of the crisis. Messages of condolence and encouragement were already beginning to pour in to the studio. Perhaps the most appropriate one read: "THE PHOENIX AROSE FROM THE ASHES OF A GREAT FIRE AND SO WILL YOU WITH YOUR GREAT STRENGTH . . . WITH LOVE, CECIL."

Cecil B. DeMille's communication may seem slightly florid, as communications between aged and successful men often are. But there was a solid core of fact in it: Samuel Goldwyn has great strength, and no lousy \$2.5 million fire was going to stop him from making *Porgy and Bess*. DeMille knew it and so did everyone who had ever observed Goldwyn at work during his 45 years in the motion picture business. Although his utter single-mindedness and ego have provided the industry with many office jokes and his gems of distorted English (disavowed by Goldwyn) are famous under the name of Goldwynisms, he has to be taken with the utmost seriousness. Many of the pictures he has made, most of them with his own money, have been distinguished for both quality and taste. He is a truly determined man, a fighter of everything on all fronts, a delegator of nothing.

Considering his age and his past record of success, it is difficult to understand why Sam Goldwyn tackled *Porgy and Bess* in the first place. In plush retirement he could develop his abominable game of croquet, write his memoirs or become the industry's answer to Bernard Baruch, delivering portentous words from the thicket of hibiscus around his swimming pool. He might even travel leisurely around the world with his brilliant and attractive wife, stopping here and there, if restless, to check the daily take at a far-flung theater where an old Goldwyn film is still playing. But that will not do. The only thing Goldwyn wants is to make—and then sell—his pictures. In the case of *Porgy and Bess* he is not even trying to make money, at least not for himself: he has pledged 100% of the profits to charity.

*Porgy and Bess* would be a gargantuan undertaking for a major studio, let alone an independent producer. Going it alone, Goldwyn has had serious troubles with the cast, has discharged a director in the full glare of nasty publicity, and has already spent so much money that he calculates the picture will have to gross \$15 million before he gets back a penny of the more than \$7 million it will cost. But Goldwyn is an unswervingly straight-line thinker. To start is to finish. In between are only details.

A little later on the day of the conflagration, when the sound of sirens and fire truck bells had diminished to the point where lengthy conversation was possible, Goldwyn called an emergency meeting. Present in his large, comfortably furnished office were Goldwyn executives, principals of the cast, Director Rouben Mamoulian and production department heads. If they thought they had come to hear a funeral oration they were surprised. Goldwyn actually seemed cheerful. He was Washington at Valley Forge, Henry V before Agincourt:

There had been this terrible fire, and the damage was dreadful. A

The Most Happy Fella © Copyright 1956 by Frank Loewer

Photos by Constance Bannister

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catastrophe. But *Porgy and Bess*, he told the meeting in words only faintly tinged with his native Polish accent, would still be produced. A whole new set would be built. New costumes would be made. The cost in time and money would be appalling but he, Goldwyn, was only more firm in his resolve to go ahead. Now this would be an even greater Goldwyn picture than it was always going to be in the first place anyway. Everyone connected with it would be better than ever before. Who knows? In disguise it was maybe a blessing. All he needed was their patience and support.

By the time Goldwyn had finished and sat down behind his desk, it was plain that his audience would follow him anywhere. Dorothy Dandridge, who plays Bess, threw him a kiss. Pearl Bailey intoned: "And God's will be done." It is likely that Goldwyn had even moved himself. It was like a moment from one of his finest pictures.

The star of his own scene, Sam Goldwyn today is in perfect trim for making his kind of movie. He has the upright, squared posture and vigorous, arm-swinging walk of a man who gets things done. He is getting slightly deaf (which is really a convenience for a man of his firm opinions), but he is not much balder than he has been for the past 30 years. His sharp nose and long jaw come closer together over the mobile scar of his mouth than perhaps they did before, but the total impression is one of alert impatience. His blue eyes are the most reliable indicator of his real mood, and they are sometimes at odds with his mouth, which has a tendency to look pleased when its owner is actually furious. The only things really ancient about Goldwyn are his suits, which are razor-pressed and impeccable but look in their wide-lapelled splendor as if he had bought them around World War I.

These days Hollywood is loaded with independent producers, but when Goldwyn went independent in 1922 it was an innovation. Of course, working with others on an equal basis was always an unnatural practice for him, but backing his own judgment with his own money still took considerable nerve. Independence—in this case the obdurate exercise of a single point of view over everything connected with the making and selling of a motion picture—was the ideal state for Goldwyn. He could work without the hampering advice of corporate directors, partners or ignorant shareholders. "I make my pictures to please myself," Goldwyn has often been quoted as saying. Recently he said more succinctly, "I am the producer. I do not shove the money under the door and go home."

Exactly what it is that Goldwyn *does* do and has done over the years to contribute to the spectacular success of many of his pictures is a historic Hollywood riddle. Many people claim that he has absolutely no understanding of the creative problems of directing or acting, and Ben Hecht has compared his treatment of writers to the behavior of an irritated man shaking a slot machine. His main creative contribution has often been characterized as out-and-out harassment, making talented people do things over and over until, with murder in their hearts, they outdo themselves.

#### 'A producer is not just a word'

**B**UT there is more to Goldwyn than this. "A producer is not just a word," Goldwyn says. "He must be a great showman and a great editor and he must recognize talent and give it a chance." Goldwyn is genuinely reverent about talent and consistently brings together the best available in good combination. And the finest talents, like Writers Robert Sherwood and Lillian Hellman and Director William Wyler, have recognized the special values that the abrasive Goldwyn personality and taste provide. "Sam has a revolving stomach," an admirer once said. "When something is wrong, it turns over." Goldwyn's taste, or his revolving stomach, is obviously in tune with the box office.

All over the world in the past 20 years his films have been viewed by more than 200 million people. Hollywood itself, although unable to explain the Goldwyn touch, recognizes it clearly. Twenty-seven of his movies, including *Dodsworth*, *Wuthering Heights*, *The Pride of the Yankees* and *The Best Years of Our Lives*, have won Academy Awards in various categories. The last-named won no less than seven and brought a special merit award for its producer.

In *Porgy and Bess* Goldwyn saw the opportunity to make the best picture of his long career. He considers George Gershwin, whose portrait hangs in his office, the greatest American composer. He thinks the DuBose Heyward play is the greatest in the history of the American musical theater. But he is the movie-maker, and for him this means that only in a Goldwyn film can the music and story reach their highest expression. "They couldn't afford to do in the theater what I'm doing," he says.

Goldwyn is not a man who ever expects clear sailing, but *Porgy and Bess* has brought more problems than any of his other pictures. It is almost inconceivable that anything else could happen. "The only thing left is for me to go to jail," Goldwyn says.

CONTINUED

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FIRST "PORGY" was a nonmusical by Dorothy and DuBose Heyward, adapted from latter's book. It was produced on Broadway in 1927 with (from left) Perry Verwayne as Sporting Life, Frank Wilson as Porgy, Evelyn Ellis as Bess. The Gershwin musical, produced in 1935, was based on Heyward play.

## GOLDWYN CONTINUED

To begin with, Goldwyn's negotiations for the screen rights to the musical play extended over a 10-year period. Virtually every major studio or producer in the U.S. was interested at one time or another, and Ira Gershwin, who wrote many of the lyrics for the show's songs, has estimated that he was approached by no less than 90 people who wanted to buy it. The legal estate problems were horrendous, the bidding fiercely competitive.

But Goldwyn was patient. "Sam has a Chinese viewpoint toward time," one friend said recently. "Negotiation is one thing." Goldwyn himself says. "A deal is another." Finally in October, 1957, Goldwyn won out over a \$1 million offer by another studio. His deal offered a \$650,000 down payment against a fat 10% of the gross receipts.

Then came the problem of casting. Now that Goldwyn had the property, nobody wanted to play in it. The well-known story tells of the love of Porgy, a crippled beggar, for Bess, a beautiful girl struggling to break away from a tarnished past. The time is early in this century and the place is Catfish Row, an impoverished Negro quarter in the wharf district of Charleston, S.C. It is a story of violence and passion, involving not only the pure love of Porgy and Bess but also illicit cohabitation, drug addiction and murder.

Representatives of the N.A.A.C.P. have since said that they find nothing demeaning to Negroes in the Goldwyn treatment. But at first there was a marked reluctance among many Negro performers to have anything to do with the movie. Harry Belafonte turned down a part. So did others. Alone among the top talent under consideration, Sammy Davis Jr. was genuinely anxious to get into the picture. He campaigned for and got the part of Sporting Life, the joyously evil character who sings the famous *It Ain't Necessarily So* and leads Bess astray.

Goldwyn sincerely and rightly maintained that *Porgy and Bess* was a distinguished American folk opera, that Negro performers in the past had found nothing distasteful in the story, that a *Porgy* company touring the world in 1935 and 1936 had enjoyed a tremendous success. He was stunned by the casting troubles. "When Sam has a notion," a friend says, "there is no room for any other. He regards it as not necessarily his—just as the right one. He can't understand how anyone could think differently." Goldwyn wanted these people. Why didn't they want Goldwyn?

Suddenly, though, it seemed as if a stubborn world was beginning to see things Goldwyn's way. Sidney Poitier was agreeable to doing *Porgy*. Surely with this fine young actor in camp, others would follow. Then, before the first joy had subsided, the chilling word came that Poitier had changed his mind. Apparently after he had signed for the part, the actor had been severely criticized by some of his fellow Negroes who considered *Porgy* derogatory to their race. Goldwyn immediately but reluctantly released him from his contract.

Then two months later, with the role still unfilled, Poitier reversed his field again and requested a meeting with Goldwyn at the producer's

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## GOLDWYN CONTINUED

home. He wanted to hear Goldwyn's concept of the movie. This was roughly the equivalent of Odysseus requesting Circe to sing *Melancholy Baby*. At the meeting which followed, Goldwyn's performance was dazzling. This would be a great movie, worthy of Poirier's highest efforts. This was the greatest opportunity he would ever have. No matter what he did in the years ahead, he would be remembered best for his performance as Porgy.

After several hours, during which Director Mamoulian had acted as Goldwyn's relief in persuasion, Poirier suddenly leaped to his feet and



**EARLY CASUALTY** of film was Rouben Mamoulian, the movie's first director, who was fired by Goldwyn before shooting began.

said, "I will come to you completely pure, virginal and unprejudiced." To the Hollywood press corps later, Poirier declared, "I am happy to say that my reservations were washed away by Mr. Goldwyn in his plan for *Porgy and Bess*. I'm very happy that I met with Mr. Goldwyn. I found him almost as sensitive as I am."

Then Dorothy Dandridge, who also needed some persuading before she accepted the role of Bess, and Pearl Bailey, who was said to be worried about the heavy dialect, were signed. Rehearsal time drew close.

The fire attacked Goldwyn while he was sleeping, which was the only time it had a prayer of burning. Not only did it cause enormous property damage, throw a lot of people temporarily out of work and expensively disrupt a complex production schedule, but it had a more dangerous side effect: it gave the producer time to worry. Hours he would otherwise have devoted to the day-by-day business of production he now gave over to branding about what was wrong with the whole project. Wrongest of all, Goldwyn finally decided, was the director, and the director was thereupon fired.

This is not to say that the surprise discharging of Rouben Mamoulian was the act of a man with too little to do. Trouble between Goldwyn and Mamoulian had been building up for some time. Still, it did seem almost as if Goldwyn himself was trying to complete the destruction begun by the fire.

There followed an epic battle, fought mainly with Hollywood's favorite weapon, the press release. First Goldwyn announced sonorously that, although he had the greatest respect for Mamoulian, basic differences of opinion between them forced him to relieve the director and hire Otto Preminger in his place.

The outraged Mamoulian countered with the charge that Goldwyn's action was "precipitate and irresponsible," and that the producer was determined to be identified as the sole creator of *Porgy and Bess*. The powerful Screen Directors' Guild, to which all Hollywood directors and assistant directors belong, condemned producers "who dismiss a director for frivolous, spiteful or dictatorial reasons," and ordered its members not to work for Goldwyn. There were reports that some of the actors might refuse to work for Preminger.

Through it all Goldwyn maintained a regal silence. He refused to appear before the Guild but did offer to meet its representatives either at his office or on neutral ground. The Guild refused. In the days that followed, the tempo of the publicity battle against Goldwyn increased. There were even threats to picket the studio.

Then Goldwyn got a break from an unexpected source. Mamoulian's publicity man, Russell Birdwell, called a press conference at which he produced one of the bit players from the film. This actor clearly implied that Otto Preminger was anti-Negro. The bald attack was too much even for the most rabid Goldwyn-haters. Goldwyn's forces unleashed a barrage of statements from the leading actors in the film supporting Preminger. The Guild backed down and removed its ban.

## 'Exhausted from not talking'

**GOLDWYN** had triumphed. His brief victory statement sounded hearteningly like a Goldwynism of old: "I'm the only one in this thing who's exhausted from not talking." But the question remained: why did he fire Mamoulian?

The producer recently commented: "When people disagree with me, they usually resign and go their way and I wish them well. I never publicly say why I let anyone go. In Mamoulian's case I paid him his full salary of \$75,000 as called for by the contract. I couldn't get along with him."

It also seems clear that Goldwyn had been annoyed by a sudden upswing in publicity for Mamoulian. The director had been giving interviews in which he commented on a number of controversial matters in which his opinions did not coincide with Goldwyn's. And



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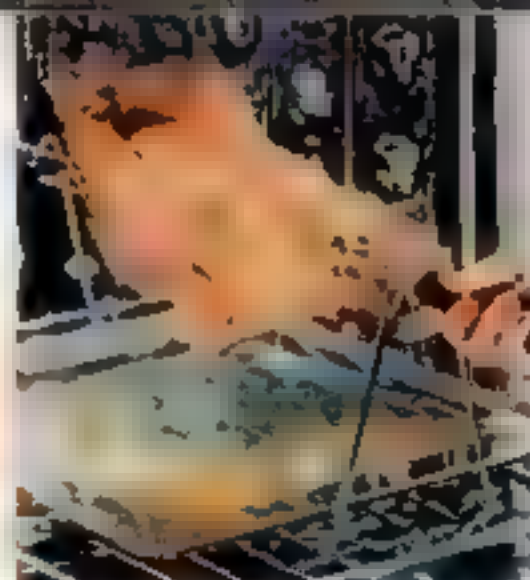
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DIRECTOR Otto Preminger (left), lured after the fire, confers with Goldwyn on rebuilt set. In 1954 he directed movie *Carmen Jones* with all-Negro cast.

### GOLDWYN CONTINUED

there is no question who is boss on a Goldwyn picture. As he says, "It's an intimate organization. I'm spending the money."

After the Mamoulion uproar died down, past difficulties were forgotten and the movie lot bubbled with all the excitement typical of a big Goldwyn picture. Mobs of costumed extras crowded the narrow streets and commissary, and red warning lights flashed outside the sound stage where Preminger was filming scenes on Catfish Row.

But where was Goldwyn, the producer of all this? Now that his troubles were over and things were finally rolling, he could certainly have been expected to hustle about in proud evidence. But the long gray Cadillac parked outside his office was the only tangible sign of his presence. The old man was around all right, up in his office, connected by squawk box and telephone and anxious executives to every detail of the production.

All command flowed from Goldwyn's office. Refreshed by his morning exercises, the master arrived about 10. Minions, alerted by telephone of his impending presence, were already on hand. A production manager reported that the cameraman wanted 50 electricians for the next day's shooting. Goldwyn approved. "The man has already saved us \$100,000," he said. "We can afford to be generous with a few extra electricians." The production manager revealed that people were complaining about the heat caused by the heavy lights on the set. Another air-conditioning unit was requested. Goldwyn disapproved. "It is getting cooler," he said. An effects man entered and described the way he planned to arrange the shooting of a scene in which a buzzard sweeps into Porgy's frightened view. "We can drive into the mountains with a small crew and leave a dead calf out overnight," he explained. "Then we shoot the buzzard in the morning." But Goldwyn thought the scene would match better if shot on the set itself. The man left to rent a buzzard.

All day every day the tide came running to Goldwyn. It was the only way he knew how to work. Nothing was too trivial for his attention. Every single decision, from the problem of hiring one extra technician for one extra day to the matter of spending hundreds of thousands of dollars in promotion and advertising for the picture, was taken by this one man. "I'll take 50% efficiency to get 100% loyalty," Goldwyn says of his employees. If his people are loyal enough to bring everything to his attention, he is efficient enough to take care of it.

Directly across the hall from Goldwyn's office, however, there resides a member of the organization for whom the producer has the most profound professional respect. "She is more his partner than anyone knows," a good friend remarked recently.

Frances Goldwyn, a slim woman with enormous eyes set deep in a delicately featured face, gave up acting 33 years ago when she married Goldwyn. She works at the studio each day, takes special interest in make-up, wardrobe and set designs and counsels her husband in all production problems, both business and creative. "I began whatever

CONTINUED



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**ONLY PASTIME** Goldwyn permits himself is croquet on the court at his Beverly Hills home. His form is not very good and his game is terrible.

### GOLDWYN CONTINUED

it is I do years ago," she says. "I am a follower-upper, a sort of rehearsal, I am always under somebody's feet." It was Mrs. Goldwyn in 1944 who pointed out to Goldwyn the magazine story about returning veterans which was the source for *The Best Years of Our Lives*. Though she is deeply impressed by her husband's abilities, she is not intimidated by him. "With Sam," Mrs. Goldwyn says, "everything is a big flourish of tomato cans."

Three years ago Mrs. Goldwyn gave her husband the birthday present from which he draws his only real leisure. The present was a croquet field, carved out of a two-acre plot adjoining their house, and Goldwyn regularly spends both Saturday and Sunday on the field. The game he plays, with its imported 10-pound mallets and hopelessly complex rules, is a far cry from garden-variety croquet. Goldwyn plays with the fiercely competitive concentration he gives to producing. He hates to lose—but almost always does. The other players give Goldwyn a unique handicap edge: he is excused from hitting through the center wicket and is entitled to a consultant during tournament play. "Sam is improving," says Restaurateur Mike Romanoff, a member of the select Goldwyn croquet group. "But he's still best when his ball is about 18 inches from the wicket."

### The stomach revolves

**O**n weekdays Goldwyn had little time for croquet. At some point during almost every working day he viewed the previous day's rushes. This was the job he looked forward to most, the tangible proof that the picture was progressing. Accompanied by the man who has been his film cutter for 23 years, he watched as the rushes were run off. Often he had no comment. Satisfied that the work was progressing, he would send word to Preminger on the set that the rushes were fine. Only later, when the bulk of the picture was nearing completion, did Goldwyn really settle down to edit, running the film over and over again until his revolving stomach told him that the order and the angles and the timing were just right.

Now that the work on the film itself is completed, Goldwyn has tuned his stomach to the problems of sound track and music, but many other facets of production also occupy him. On long distance telephones, in his office, at lunches, Goldwyn discusses release dates, the distribution of his picture, the advertising program through which he will announce it. Nothing passes without his approval.

The single respite in Goldwyn's regular working day comes in the noon hour, during which time he eats a dietetic lunch prepared by his private studio cook and then takes a nap. Mr. Goldwyn likes to talk during lunch: on the picture business, on his efforts over the years, on his plans for *Porgy and Bess*. It is interesting talk, delivered by an intelligent and combative man.

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## GOLDWYN CONTINUED

to be honorable. I've tried to behave decently. The fact that I've been here for so many years says something. I've proved that fine things, clean things can be done. I've never done a picture that would offend anybody.

"It's taking me a long time to make this picture. It's going to be a good picture. I'm going to take my time exhibiting it. We'll open it this summer in New York on a reserved-seat basis and see what happens. I'm not in a hurry to get my money back. I want to keep from buying an extra lot in the cemetery for my money."

In talking about his past, Goldwyn finds it difficult not to be reminded of Goldwynisms, those sometimes shrewd, often hilarious onslaughts he is famous for making on the English language. Goldwyn professes to hate Goldwynisms, though some of them are almost as memorable as his best pictures. "I wish I was smart enough to say some of the things they said I said," he growls. "None of them are true. They're all made up by a bunch of comedians and pinned on me. Take that time years ago when I had the fight with the Producers' Association. I got up and said, 'Gentlemen, I'm withdrawing from the association.' By the time I got back to the studio, it was all over town I'd said, 'Include me out.' It's ridiculous. It's a lie." Mr. Goldwyn hid something, perhaps a smile, behind his napkin.

That same day Goldwyn, Ira Gershwin and his wife and a few other invited guests gathered in a projection room. They were not going to view anything. The purpose of the meeting was to listen to selections from the pre-recorded musical score of *Forgy and Bess*. Among those present was André Previn, the young pianist-arranger who had been in charge of conducting the recording sessions.

Technicians adjusted knobs on the huge console panel as the guests settled themselves to listen. Goldwyn propped his feet up on the railing in front of his deep leather chair, put his hands together prayerfully in front of his chin and nodded once. Instantly the room was bursting with the sound of *Summertime* in loud and incredibly faithful high fidelity. "Turn it up," called Mr. Goldwyn.

For the next 45 minutes the famous Gershwin songs—*Summertime*; *Bess, You Is My Woman, Now*; *It Ain't Necessarily So*; *I Got Plenty of Nuttin'*—soared through the room. When it was over, everyone sat still for a moment, stupefied both by the emotional quality of the music and by its sheer volume.

Goldwyn was the first to rise. With tearful glints of pleasure in his eyes, he walked to the chair where André Previn was sitting. Previn got up and smiled at Goldwyn.

The producer put his hand on Previn's head and tousled his hair. "You should be goddam proud, kid," Goldwyn said huskily. Then with the air of a man who speaks absolute truth, he added, "You should never do another thing in your life."

Which not only is an expression of the pride Goldwyn feels other people should have about being associated with one of his films but is a Goldwynism, too, no matter how much its author may protest.



**RESPECTED ADVISER**, Frances Goldwyn works with her husband at the studio every day. Goldwyn says admiringly, "She's the best man I have."





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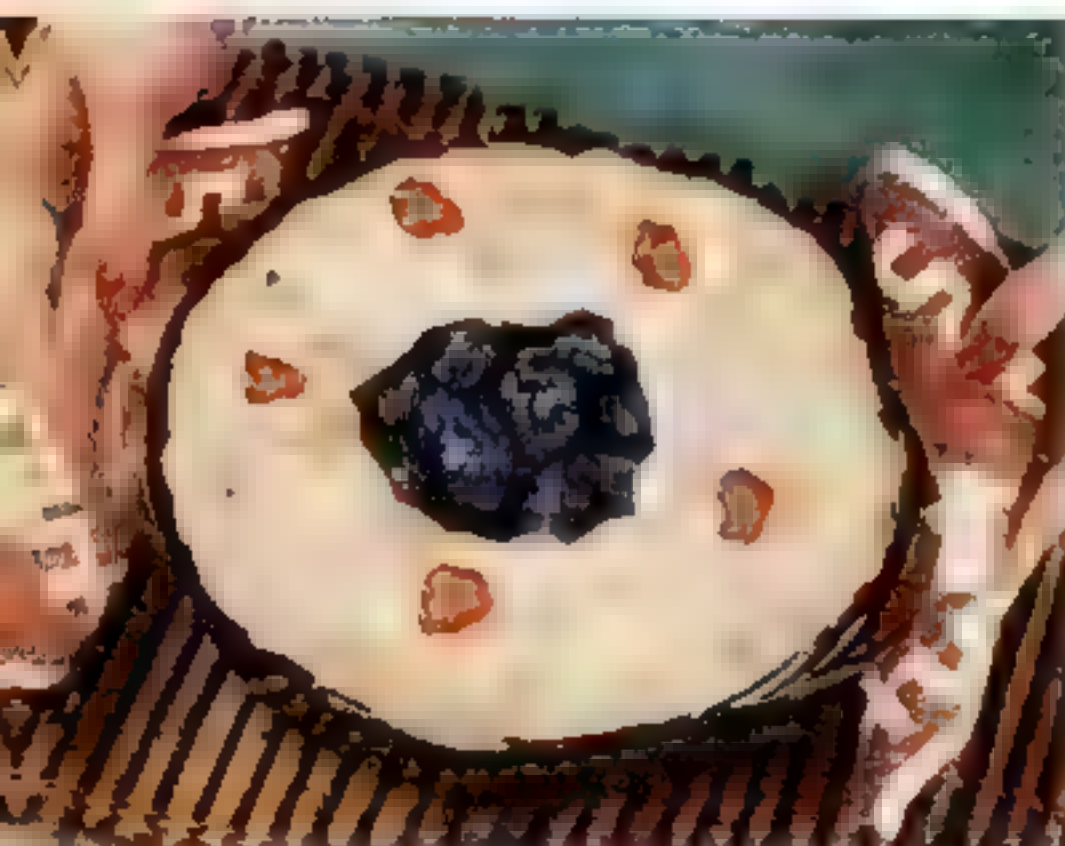


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# 'Thank You, Dr. Post'

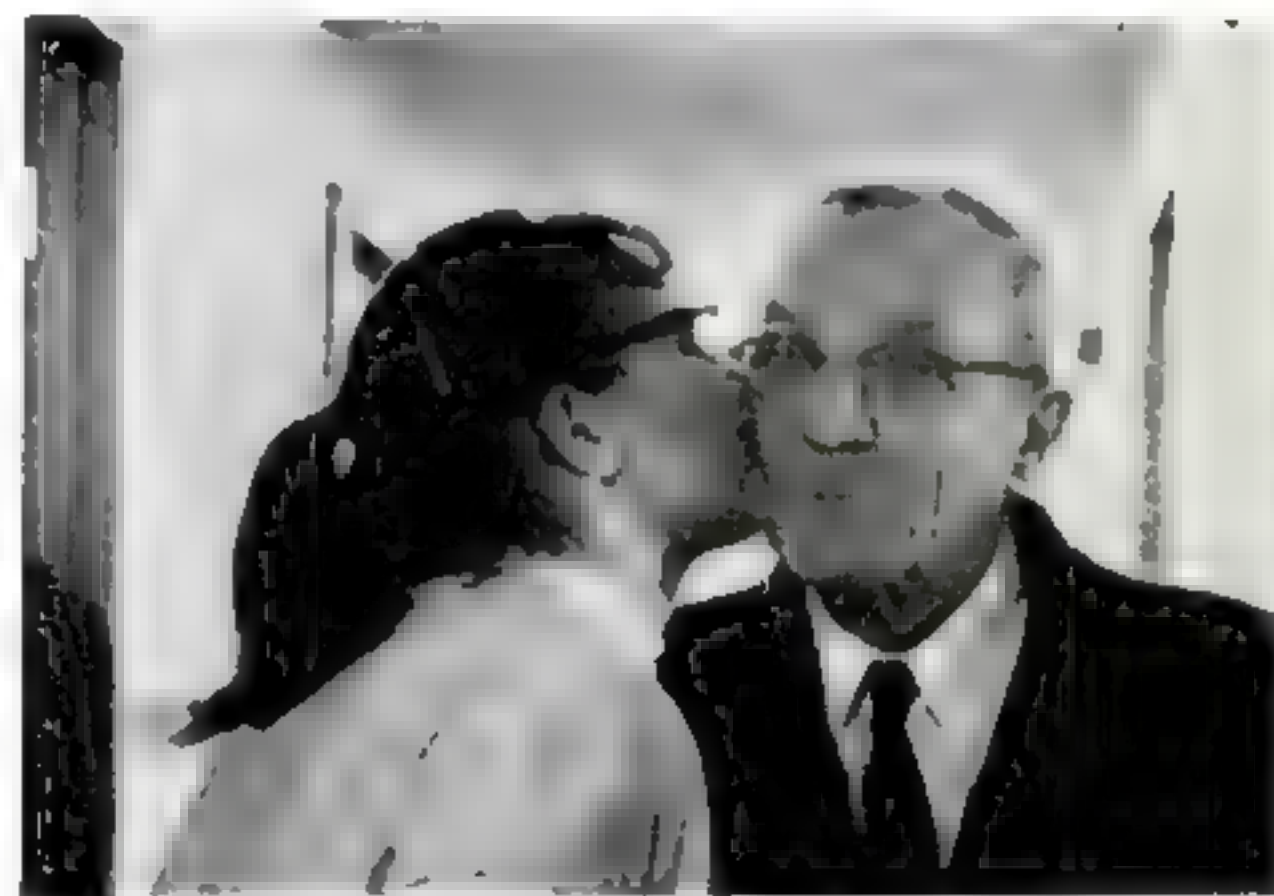
## A TOWN HONORS ITS CRUSTY PRACTITIONER

Dr. Ralph Baker Post is not an easy man to thank. He is gruff, busy and shy "a bear," says a patient, "with the biggest heart in the world." But at one time or another most of the 5,000 inhabitants of the town of Ballston Spa, N.Y., where Dr. Post has practiced for 40 years, have wanted to thank him for some special kindness. Last month they decided to do it at a surprise party for his 71st birthday.

And surprise it was. After a normal day in which he saw 26 patients, visited the county home and the Benedict Memorial Hospital, called at the girls' home where he treats the girls free, Dr. Post drove with his wife to Bohme's restaurant expecting to have a quiet birthday dinner with two old friends. Instead he found 400 townspeople assembled to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," to make speeches and to thank him "from the bottom of our

hearts for being our doctor and our friend." His wife remarked wryly, "Ralph better not tell me again that nobody in this town likes him."

"I didn't think anything could shake me so much," Dr. Post told the audience. "I don't deserve this. I've been called an old crab but now I'll try to do better." Everybody laughed. Dr. Post's crusty exterior has never fooled his patients. They love him not only for himself but also for the many generous things he has done: straightened out marital problems, borrowed wheel chairs for disabled patients, bought groceries for people who couldn't afford them, sent Girl Scouts to camp, taken old people's home inmates for special outings, torn up endless bills. "Probably most of the town owes him money," said one woman. "He's delivered many second generation babies before the first generation has been paid for."



KISS is given Dr. Post by one of Charlton School girls whom he attends. Girls also gave him cuff links and tiepin.



BEAMING DOCTOR at the party, with wife beside him, admires birthday cake. He said he hoped

his friends didn't mind if he didn't cut the cake—though he did not tell them why (see picture at right).



BIRTHDAY CAKE was given by Dr. Post to the ladies in the county home where he has long been staff doctor.





**BACK ON THE JOB** after the party, Dr. Post speaks to Susan Fish as he opens his bag. Susan can enjoy this visit because the doctor has come not to see her

but to treat her mother and to immunize her baby sister against mumps. "Susan is not always so happy to see me," says Dr. Post, "but then who loves a doctor?"



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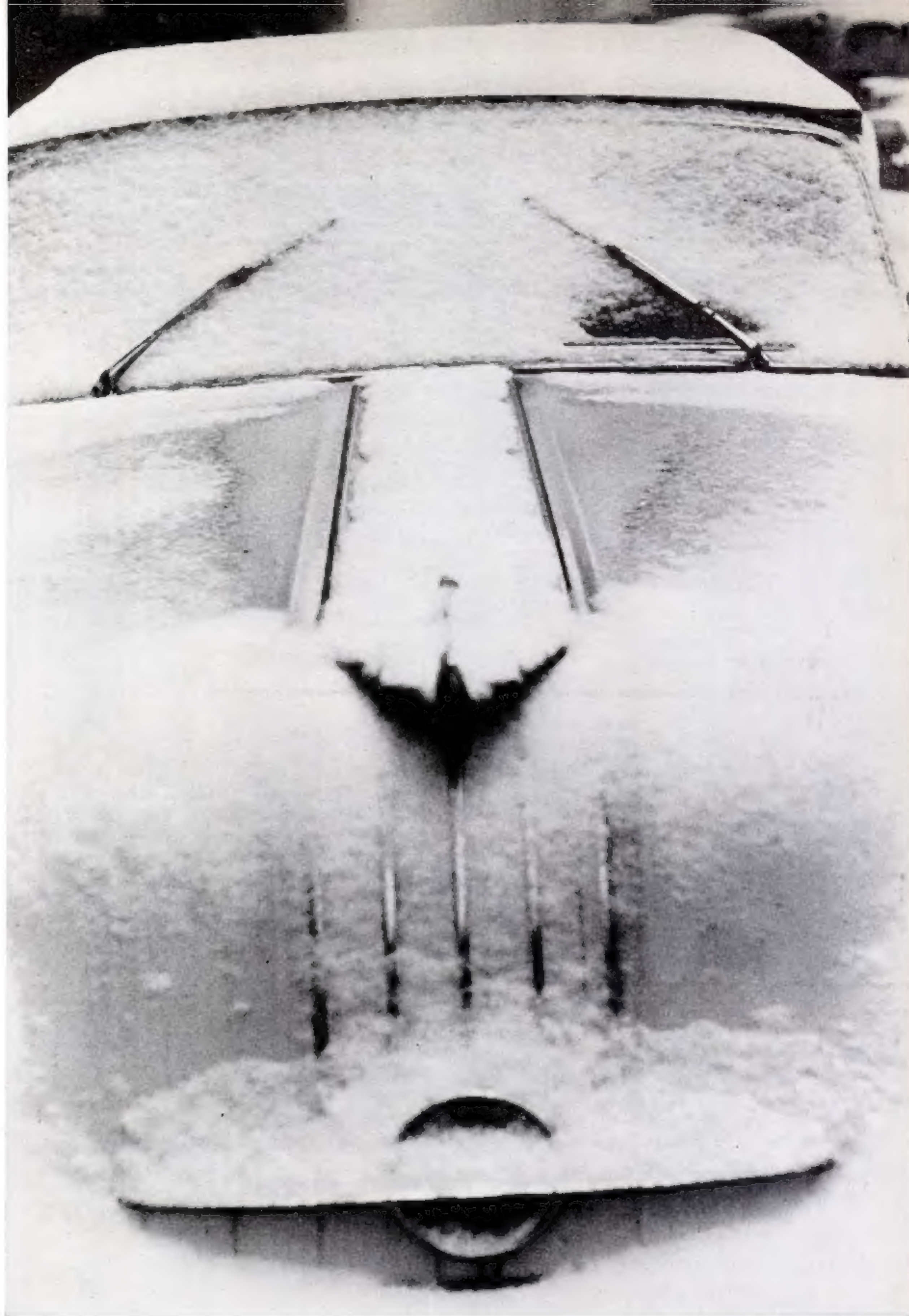
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## A STALLED SNOWMAN'S WINTRY WINK

"I'm always looking for faces in things," explains Photographer Louis Stettner. "I see them everywhere." It was only natural, therefore, that one wintry day in New York recently Stettner found himself on Seventh Avenue at 56th Street face to face with another face. This time it was a sorrowful-

looking convertible. According to Stettner, snow had drifted over it and apparently the owner had tried to start it, got a half swipe out of one unfrozen windshield wiper, then given up. At any rate the car seemed to be winking mournfully at Stettner who winked back with his camera shutter.





**FIVE FEET OF BARRACUDA** menace American skin-diver Jim Thorne (left) as he explores sunken

treasure hulk on reef off Florida keys. Patrolling school of 'cuda would ordinarily present no danger.

## Barracuda puts crimp in sunken treasure hunt

READ HOW YOU CAN BORROW A COLOR MOVIE OF THE WHOLE EXCITING STORY

"Most skin-divers laugh off the barracuda as 'harmless,' but a 'harmless' 'cuda gave me some anxious moments," writes Jim Thorne, an American friend of Canadian Club. "With professional treasure diver Art McKee, I was probing an old wreck on a Florida reef. Art had proof of treasure down there. The barracuda were just curious, nothing to worry about. Or so we thought. When we found treasure, I discovered how unpredictable a 'cuda can be. Probably attracted by the glitter of gold in Art's hand, one of the big fish rushed him. Star-

tled, he dropped the doubloons. And a lucky thing. The 'cuda veered to follow the coins and missed Art. Treasure? We'll still get it... barracuda or no barracuda. Right now I'll settle for fresh air and a drink of Canadian Club." For free loan of 30-minute 16mm color sound film, "Secret Cargo," based on this underwater treasure hunt, write on club or society letterhead to Hiram Walker Importers, Inc., Dept. 2—Box 2886, Detroit 31, Mich. You'll enjoy it, just as you'll enjoy Canadian Club—"The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

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*Canadian Club*

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

A 30-MINUTE COLOR SOUND FILM based on this underwater adventure is available on loan to clubs and social organizations. For details on how you can obtain it, see below.



**GOLD DOUBLOON** found by treasure diver Art McKee (left) lures skin-diver Jim Thorne below.



**GLINT OF GOLD** in hands of McKee brings lightning-like charge of the big barracuda.



**SAFE ABOARD** the "Aeolus," Thorne and McKee recess search, end day with Canadian Club.





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Magnified diagram shows extra filter fibers added crosswise to the stream of smoke in L&M's patented Miracle Tip.



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